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Contents

The Week 318

Editorials

In and Out of Europe 322
Gas 50c? 324
Remaking Farm Life 325

General Articles

Community Farming .....Elwood Mead 327
The League and the Danger Spots.....
.....Sisley Huddleston 332
Who Is Governor of Texas?.....Joseph K. Hart 334
Lincoln .....Robert Littell 336
Those Naval Manœuvres.....John Carter 338
Whale .....William Rose Benét 340
Washington Notes .....T. R. B. 341

Correspondence 342

Our Changling Monogamy.....C. E. A. 343

Reviews of Books

Miss Lowell's Keats.....Robert Morss Lovett 344
One Union's History.....George Soule 345
Contemporary French Literature...Henry B. Fuller 346
A Frenchman on England.....R. H. Tawney 347

The Week

BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM MITCHELL, Assistant Chief of the United States Air Service, is an honest man; he has told the Select Committee of the House of Representatives the exact truth as he sees it about the condition of the national air force. He is a courageous man; he has done this at the risk of his reputation, and with the virtual certainty that he will be punished for his candor, either by reduction of his rank, or otherwise. Whether he is right in his contentions is a question on which civilians are not competent to pass; but if one-half of what he says is true, then the country has the right to be profoundly disturbed over the condition of our national defense. The character of the replies to his assertions made by the army and navy strongly sustain the theory that he is correct. These replies have ranged from patent attempts to frighten him into silence, and assaults upon his intelligence, to the supreme absurdity of Secretary Weeks's flag-waving statement that any criticism of the War Department is a criticism of those gallant heroes, headed by Pershing, who won the World War. If Secretary Weeks really expects the public to accept such nonsense as this as an adequate answer to Mitchell, his opinion of the general intelligence must be extraordinarily low.

GENERAL MITCHELL thinks that all aviation activities on sea and land ought to be combined under a common direction, instead of being divided between the Army and the Navy as is now the case. He declares that the men now in control refuse to recognize the importance of the airplane in present-day warfare, and that through this fact the efficiency of our fighting units is terribly curtailed. The United States is now the fifth nation in aerial equipment, according to General Mitchell, being exceeded by England, Japan, France and Italy. He states that it would take two years to produce sufficient planes for war purposes. In his opinion, the battleship is obsolete as a military weapon. The eighteen heavy vessels allowed us under the terms of the Washington Conference are costing as much as would 72,000 fighting airplanes. Actually, not more than 4,000 planes are needed in peacetime as the basis of our fighting force. Therefore, about seventeen-eighteenths of our annual expenditure on dreadnaughts is a needless waste of money. So, in General Mitchell's opinion, is our billion-dollar investment in navy yards.

STILL more serious are the charges made by General Mitchell against naval officers in connection with the experimental bombing of discarded battleships from airplanes. Every Army air officer who participated in the trials off the Virginia Capes is of the opinion, he says, that the Navy men deliberately attempted to conduct the trials in such a way as to make sure that the battleships would not be sunk. In 1923, for example, when the New Jersey and the Virginia were bombed, orders were suddenly given only four days in advance that the bombing must be done from a height of not less than 10,000 feet. No bombing plane existed with such a "ceiling" nor had experiments ever been conducted at such a height. Nevertheless, the orders were carried out, at the great risk of the lives of the flyers involved. Though

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every military purpose would have been answered by having the ships lie fairly close inshore, they were placed one hundred miles out at sea. The bombing planes had to fly a total of three hundred miles over the water, with the greatest danger to their crews.

PLENTY of persons will come forward to reply to the Mitchell criticism; but it is as well to recognize frankly that most of the attacks will come from sources so prejudiced as to make their testimony highly unreliable. This is true, to begin with, of Secretary Wilbur. No one can deny that the Secretary is an honorable man. But it is only a few months since he was a member of the Supreme Court bench of the State of California. What he has learned about the navy since then he has learned from naval officers of high rank who may or may not know what they are talking about. Someone has told him that "it is ridiculous and untenable" to say that a 2,000 pound bomb dropped from an airplane would dislodge a battleship's turrets; whereas the testimony of experts is fairly unanimous that such a bomb would do the greatest damage. It is a pathetic fact, but one which should be faced honestly, that no old line naval officer is an impartial judge of the merits of the controversy between the battleship and the airplane and submarine. The battleship is the naval officer's home. His normal life is on board, and a very comfortable life it is, all things considered. Life on a submarine, on the other hand, is hideously uncomfortable, and gives the officers claustrophobia. There is no such thing as living on an airplane. Under the circumstances, Brigadier-General Mitchell is perfectly right when he says naval officers have "a vested interest" in the continuance of the battleship. If he is a strongly prejudiced partisan, as he probably is, his opponents are not less biassed.

THE withdrawal of the American delegation from the Opium Conference at Geneva is keenly to be regretted, however great the provocation which Representative Porter may have felt he possessed. The action was not unexpected. It has been foreshadowed a dozen times in the past two months; following an historic example from 1919, Mr. Porter weeks ago reserved his passage back to America on the George Washington. But while the difference between the American attitude and that of Great Britain, France and the Netherlands was wide, it seemed reasonable to hope that some sort of compromise was possible. The Americans wanted all non-medical, non-scientific use of opium and cocaine declared illegitimate. They wished the production of habit-forming drugs to be restricted, beginning immediately and continuing so that in ten years' time (or fifteen, as was subsequently conceded) world production would be restricted to world needs for medical and scientific purposes. The opposition to this viewpoint came from all the other participants except Japan and China. Its spokesman was Viscount Cecil, fresh from his triumphant American visit as recipient of the $25,000 Wilson Foundation prize.

THE Europeans argued that it is hopeless to restrict the production of opium in India and other countries while China is producing in enormous quantities, and cannot, because of the lack of a powerful central government, be compelled to halt. They proposed that the gradual reduction of the crop shall not begin until China's illegal production has stopped. They also brought forward the well-worn argument that the eating of raw opium by the natives of India is a different matter from the smoking of prepared opium, much less serious, and is entitled to special consideration. Particular stress was laid on the argument that to pass laws which cannot be enforced does more harm than good, and that world public opinion, while it is admittedly moving toward restriction of the drug traffic, has not yet reached the place where the American program is practicable. Though some of these arguments have cogency, they ignore the two fundamental factors in the situation. The clash between Representative Porter and Viscount Cecil was the clash between two opposing schools of philosophy: between the resolute, uncompromising idealist and the opportunist who is willing to make progress so slowly that sometimes he seems to be standing still. The other vital fact is that with the exceptions already noted, America, Japan and China, none of the important delegations present had any real interest in suppressing the drug trade in the Orient. They came prepared to give way to the smallest degree possible; and they are angry at the action of the Americans in withdrawing because it has suddenly revealed their obstructionist tactics to the world.

A particularly regrettable aspect of the matter is the amount of ill will engendered between British and Americans. If the latter have failed to take into sufficient account the problems of the Empire, the former have also been guilty of equivocation and misstatement. We regret to find in so intelligent and honorable a journal as the New Statesman (London) such observations as these:

> In Persia, Turkestan, Arabia and India opium is *eaten*—as a stimulant, a febrifuge, a narcotic, the most universal and well-understood of medicines. In these countries it is very rarely, if ever, abused, and the almost universal verdict of expert opinion is that it does far more good than harm. . . . What right in any case has America or even Great Britain to attempt to interfere with the ancient habits of countries like Persia and India? Even the more vicious use of opium which obtains in China is a Chinese not an Anglo-Saxon affair.
>
> . . . In America the use of morphia and heroin has increased of late rapidly and dangerously; and it is easy to understand why American public opinion should desire sweeping measures of world-wide scope

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> not merely to prevent the manufacture and sale of these dangerous drugs, but even to prohibit the cultivation of the opium poppy from which they are obtained.

With no desire to fan a flame already too hot, we submit that there is no scientific basis for these observations. The best opinion of British medical men who have studied the subject in the field is that the use of opium in any form whatever is invariably harmful; that it is not a food, and that its effects of stilling the pangs of hunger and relieving such conditions as dysentery are only temporary and illusory. The latest edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica, in its excellent article on opium, says flatly that eating the drug "is much more deleterious than smoking," and that "to break off the habit of eating opium is exceedingly difficult." Because of its effect on the spinal cord in infants it should never be given to young children "under any circumstances, in any dose"; yet it is constantly fed to babies throughout the countries mentioned by the New Statesman, to keep them quiet.

THE other statements quoted above are equally incorrect. In view of the fact that the East India Company virtually created opium addiction in China, that Great Britain fought a war with China (ending in 1842) to compel her to import Indian opium, and that the trade was developed for many years thereafter with the help of the Indian government, the observation that Chinese addiction "is a Chinese, not an Anglo-Saxon affair," seems about as cynical as could well be offered. Finally, the statement about the growth of the habit in the United tates is far too strong. It is based, no doubt, on a wild misstatement which appeared several years ago in an annual report of the Secretary of the Treasury which declared that there are a million drug-addicts in the United States, and that their number is increasing rapidly. Similar statements have often been made by yellow journalists, and one and all are without scientific verification. There are no reliable statistics of drug addiction; the Secretary of the Treasury was just guessing. While the traffic is a very serious problem, those who know most about the matter believe his guess was a great deal larger than the reality. It is altogether likely that drug addiction in this country is diminishing, and has been for a long time. The Americans in their attitude at Geneva may have proved themselves impractical idealists; they may by rejecting half a loaf have brought the conference to a result of no bread; but it is absurd to argue that their self-interest lay at the bottom of endeavors.

SENATOR BORAH'S bill to restore to Germans their property in the United States which was sequestered during the war is a tribute to "national honor" in the best sense. Both a treaty with Prussia and the precedents of international law require that the property of alien citizens in a belligerent state, while it may be administered by the government during hostilities, must be returned to the owners after the conclusion of peace. We have not followed this course, but have sold valuable German patents, plants, ships and other sequestered property to American citizens, in many cases for a small part of their value, and have not remitted even the proceeds to the original owners. It is argued that treaty provisions and practices subsequent to the outbreak of hostilities cancelled the old obligation, but Senator Borah's point, that such revision was not foreseen by the investors when they acquired their property here, seems well taken. It is particularly illogical for us to demand settlement of the claims of our nationals against Germany, without according just treatment to German investors here. To say that the German investors may secure recompense from their own government is to dodge the issue, since the German government will, under the Dawes plan, have no funds with which to pay them until all Allied and American claims are discharged, governmental as well as private—and that will probably be never.

AS a matter of fact, the interests of American claimants against Germany will be better served by restoring the German property to its rightful owners than by not doing so. As things now stand, a large part of this property is benefitting, not those citizens who have claims against Germany, nor even our government and population as a whole, but the private interests which bought it at a sacrifice and are making money out of it. The Chemical Foundation, for instance, started by the du Ponts, bought from the government 4,767 German patents (including many besides chemical ones) valued as high as $10,000,000, for $250,000. Three years ago it had collected in royalties and license fees nearly twice as much as it paid for these patents. Meanwhile the American claimants against Germany are awaiting the precarious payments under the Dawes plan. If German investments in this country were turned back to the original owners it would be that much easier for the German government to pay reparations, and the American claimants would have a better chance of recovery than at present.

AN innocent New York Times dispatch sheds a new light on the workings of French militarism. Marshall Lyantey wanted 5,000,000 francs of additional credits to strengthen the forces in Morocco, as a precaution against the spread of disorder from the Spanish zone. Here, as everyone must know, is a large cache of dynamite. Every move of the French near the Riff is calculated to disturb the English, who would feel their whole Mediterranean position menaced if the French were drawn into the Spanish zone. It might therefore have been embarrassing to debate the question of Moroccan reenforcement before a Chamber which wants to save

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money and does not want to borrow international trouble. This embarrassment was avoided by a fortunate "windfall." The Government of Syria "offered" France the 5,000,000 francs voted for the support of French troops in Syria, and offered the troops too. France will transfer the troops to Morocco and maintain them at Syria's expense. The principle is one which the British have made much use of. Make one colony or protectorate foot the bills for an imperialistic advance in some other quarter. Thus an empire grows without too strict supervision by parliament, which is apt to be negligent about enterprises that do not involve it in the necessity of finding revenues.

THE cables of the week report a row connected with the visit of the joint commissioners to Mosul to settle the boundary line between Turkey and the Mesopotamian region under the British mandate. This particular dispute will probably be easily settled, but it calls attention to the boundary dispute which involves one of the most inflammable questions of European politics today. When Mosul is said, "oil" occurs to most persons. But the thing to bear in mind is Kurdistan, not oil. The Kurds run over into Persia in the east and extend westward like a wedge into Asiatic Turkey about four hundred miles. The Kurds are Moslems and the only non-Turkish population remaining in the new Turkey. The territory they inhabit is much more important, because much easier to defend, from a military point of view, than the Mosul basin. The loss of Kurdistan would be an almost fatal blow to Turkey. What of it, since it is not Kurdistan which is in dispute? This much: The Kurds might be roused to a nationalistic movement for self-determination if events were propitious and if there were a neighbor interested in "accelerating" their desire for independence.

THE Turks, therefore, want as much of Mosul as they can get, to keep the British as far away from Kurdistan as possible, believing that it is the fixed policy of the British foreign office to erect Kurdistan into another buffer state on the route to India. To those who regard their fears as wholly fanciful, recalling a few historic facts may be enlightening. The secret treaty of London, of April 26, 1915, gave Kurdistan as well as Armenia to Russia. When the treaty of Sèvres, which parcelled out Turkey among the Allies, was signed in August, 1920, Russia, happily for Great Britain, was out of the game. Although there was no agitation in Kurdistan for independence, the treaty nevertheless carved it out of the Turkish empire as an autonomous state. The Angora Turks, victorious in their war of independence, tore up the treaty made by the ignominious Constantinople government. But they do not believe the English have given up their scheme. They would probably fight to retain Kurdistan, and they might even fight the English if they decided that the Commission acting under the League had failed to recognize their just claims in Mosul. For this reason more hangs upon the work of the Commission than upon most disputes as to just where a boundary line shall be drawn.

AUTOCRATIC misuse of their power by the courts is of course nothing new. It is at least as old as the courts themselves. Nevertheless, as we have pointed out on several occasions, the American courts in recent years have shown a dangerously increasing tendency to regard the person of a judge as sacred, and his actions as beyond all criticism no matter how completely such criticism may be in the public good. New York City has just seen a flagrant example of what we can only regard as misuse of judicial authority. Captain Harry Allen Ely, 71 years old, leader of the Federation of Tenants' Associations of Greater New York and editor of a magazine called the Tenant, criticized in his paper a New York City judge named Coffrey, describing him as a nincompoop. Whether the epithet was deserved, we have no notion; but another New York City judge, one Mancuso, decided that the appellation smacked of lèse majesté, and sent the old gentleman to prison for six months to three years, following a jury trial in which, so counsel for the defendant charge, grave irregularities took place. Certainly the punishment seems out of all proportion to the apparent nature of the offence; and the whole episode is clearly another case of punishing a man, not because his criticism of a judge was ill founded, but because he had the temerity to criticize at all.

NOT in many years have the columns of the daily press been so crowded with what are known as "human interest" stories as in the past week or two. In ice-bound Alaska a dog team and driver made a dramatic dash through the wilderness bringing diphtheria anti-toxin to stricken Nome. In Kentucky, rescuers have fought day and night for ten days to save an adventurer trapped in a narrow crevice far underground. At East Patchogue, Long Island, a fanatical believer in the second coming of Christ, having set the end of the world for February 6, persuaded several disciples to follow his example and dispose of all their goods before doomsday came upon them. In Morocco, the famous old bandit Raisuli is being carried across the mountains to die in prison. Sound journalist instinct prompted the newspapers to devote dozens of columns of space to these incidents. People read them eagerly because in each case they could dramatize the episode in terms of a suffering human being like themselves. These same millions of readers to be sure are perfectly capable of noting quite indifferently the story of a Chinese flood which has taken ten thousand lives; or they may go to the ballot box and vote against a constitutional amendment restricting the labor of child toilers whom they have never seen.

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Despite all the mechanized character of the present age it is still the personal touch that counts.

THE exhibition of paintings by young American artists recently announced by R. H. Macy and Company, a low-priced department store of New York City, is an interesting departure. So far as we know this is the first time a great department store which deliberately caters to a very large and therefore not very expert public undertakes the sale of original paintings at prices within the reach of the ordinary shopper. Various possibilities for good and evil are opened up forthwith. The regular galleries, serving the usual patrons of the arts, find it necessary to get high prices for their pictures and a slow turn-over sets sharp limits to the number exhibited. Macy's, however, intends to sell more paintings at lower prices. In the opening show the limit is a hundred dollars. In this fashion the department store may be able to bring together the buyer who wants something real but cannot afford a Zuloaga and the young painter who needs to sell some pictures now even at very moderate prices in order to paint better ones later. The danger is that the store may dominate the art. Canny salesmanship argues against "freakishness" in the canvasses to be hung. If a nice balance can be maintained between the æsthetic radicals and conservatives the Macy gallery will no doubt exert a strong educational influence. But the artists are always ahead of their public. If the show takes its cue from the public it is likely to succeed and become banal; if it is dominated by the artists it will maintain its character and fail. This paradox is the nemesis of art merchandising. If Macy's can cut through it both artists and public will be greatly benefitted.

MANY superfine patrons of the less lively arts must have been shocked by Mordkin's call to the musicians to compose for him a jazz ballet in the American manner. Folk music is always scorned by the elegants of the community in which it flourishes. Yet, as many musicians recognize, jazz has developed a peculiar idiom, a unique flavor, that is capable of more extensive and even dignified treatment than it has yet received. Very often the jazz vernacular has been used lazily as a vehicle for ideas stolen from "classical" music. Mr. Mordkin wants an original ballet, not a Berlin plagiarism nor a Whiteman adaptation. Foretastes of what this ballet might be are John Alden Carpenter's jazz pantomime, Krazy Kat and Gershwin's Blue concerto.

In and Out of Europe

AFTER all it was a false alarm. The English newspapers proclaimed, when the American government signed the agreement about the allocation of the payments under the Dawes plan, that the United States had reëntered the anti-German alliance. Inasmuch as it had accepted a share in the receipts of the reparations agreement with Germany, it was bound to assume full responsibility for collecting from Germany in event of default. Secretary Hughes has put an end to such inferences. The agreement with the other creditors of Germany deals with the method of dividing up the German payments and not at all with the method of coercing or releasing or governing a defaulting Germany. If Germany does default, the American government is still free either to participate in the measures which Germany's creditors subsequently take or to pursue its own policy. Those measures will almost certainly involve the future security of the French and German nations and the future balance of power in Europe. The American government has not promised to involve the American people in the struggle among European nations for preponderance of power merely because it has agreed to accept a share in the German payments amounting at most to a few million dollars a year.

The course which Mr. Hughes has pursued in this matter has been sound and as candid as the circumstances warranted. If he had declared, as apparently his critics in this country and abroad wished him to declare, that he had reversed previous American policy and in substance had written the signature of the American government to the reparations clauses of the Treaty of Versailles, he would not only have asserted what was not true, but he would by his own confession have betrayed the confidence of his party. He would, moreover, by falsifying the meaning of the Paris agreement and by alarming the isolationists, have retarded the steady increase in coöperation between America and Europe for the accomplishment of desirable specific purposes. As it is, not even Senator Johnson can take any serious exception to Mr. Hughes's diplomacy in this instance. The Senator has, of course, his fears for the future. He is afraid that because of the agreement which Mr. Hughes has signed some subsequent President or Secretary of State may involve the United States too deeply in Europe. For that reason he would like to have somebody do something which would commit the United States to abstention from Europe in all conditions and for all purposes just as so many of Mr. Wilson's followers would like the United States to assume a liability for the political welfare of Europe commensurate with that of the larger European powers. But a wise American statesmanship will continue to behave as Mr. Hughes has behaved recently. It will, if desirable, negotiate with the European powers agreements for the coöperative attainment of limited purposes. But it will sign these agreements with the explicit understanding that its liabilities are limited. It reserves the right, if the game is not worth the candle, to sell its share in the enterprise and to withdraw.

The ability of the American government to represent the collective interests of its citizens and to

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do what it can for the political welfare of Europe depends, not upon always going in or always staying out, but on maintaining a semi-detached attitude and on being willing and ready to go in or stay out as the circumstances depend. If it should agree in advance to accept an unlimited partnership in carrying on the business of European politics, it would falsify the facts of American relationship to Europe and throw away its strongest card in any subsequent negotiations with the European powers. Those powers are serving to promote many difficult national policies, some of which are adjusted to the interests of their neighbors and some are not. Whether a particular policy shall prevail, such for instance as the French policy toward Germany, depends on the support which France can obtain from the other European powers and the United States. But it is almost impossible for the other European governments to deal with the question disinterestedly and on its merits. Their own security and their primary interests are involved. As long as France disposes of the strongest army on the continent and they have to reach an agreement with her, they are obliged to yield much which they would prefer to protest. The United States occupies a less equivocal position. The security of the American people is only remotely affected. The American government can deal with such questions on their merits and it does not suffer under any compulsion to join in an agreement. Temporary isolation is not for the United States a source of danger and a proof of weakness as it would be in the case of a European war.

The recognition in advance of an unlimited or even a major obligation to coöperate assumes the existence among the proposed partners of fundamentally common objects and interests, and the willingness to subordinate the separate objects of one partner to the ultimate necessity of reaching and maintaining a common policy among the members of the firm. Mr. Wilson found himself entangled in such a partnership during the Paris negotiations in the winter and spring of 1919. In the course of the negotiation he threatened at least once to withdraw, but the threat could not have been really serious. By withdrawing he would have confessed to the failure of his whole war policy and he would have placed in the hands of his enemies in this country a terrible weapon. His associates in Paris fully understood the weakness of his position. He was so situated that he had to sign any agreement which apparently saved his face, and that was the kind of agreement which they presented to him. In the end he agreed to pledge the United States to an indefinite military responsibility for the security of European states which themselves undertook no pledges to respect the security of their neighbors. The American nation should not repeat Mr. Wilson's mistake. The real value of the United States in the counsels of Europe depends upon the comparative disinterestedness of its objects and the secondary character of its European interests. It should participate in European politics, if at all, without the complete sacrifice of this independence and with the declared intention of limiting its engagements. If the European powers do not wish to pay for its assistance by the modification of their policies, they are not obliged to do so. It is they who are clamoring for American aid and comfort from America, not America which is forcing intervention on them.

The present policy of the United States with respect to Europe is analogous to that of Great Britain towards the continent previous to her participation in the Entente. Sir William Vernon Harcourt characterized the British policy in 1897 in the following words: "I desire no splendid isolation for England any more than I should desire splendid isolation for any friend of mine. But I am equally opposed to all engagements which bind England to dangerous obligations to great military powers whose interests are not ours, whose objects are not ours, whose sympathies and whose convictions are not ours. It has kept a free hand, as England always ought to keep a free hand, for a free people." Later England abandoned her free hand and connived at Russian imperialism in Persia and French imperialism in Africa for the benefit of the supposed security of British imperialism. By joining the Entente as a full partner she surrendered the independence which Sir William Harcourt celebrated in this passage and disqualified herself from acting as an effective moderating influence upon either her associates or their opponents. She may or may not have been justified in entering upon these engagements, but the policy of the Foreign Office from 1905 to 1914 certainly made the British government responsible for the consequences of the policy of allies over which it had no sufficient control. This responsibility has continued almost unabated since the end of the War. Many British statesmen would only be too glad to regain for their country the conditional isolation and the limitation of liability which they reproach the United States for preserving.

The political condition of Europe at the present time is profoundly and essentially unstable. No intervention by the United States will stabilize it unless the European governments are willing to go much further than they are now in removing existing causes of unrest and in curing grievances. This instability will precipitate in future years a succession of crises on different parts of the continent, each one of which will threaten the peace of Europe and all of which together may fatally retard the economic recovery and injure its social welfare. When these crises occur, one or more of the parties to them will seek to treat them, not as an attempt to escape from grievances or wrongs, but as a threat to public order which must above all be discouraged and suppressed; and in one way or another they will ask the United States to join them in suppressing the disorder and in saving the same old civilization. If the United States were committed to a policy of

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unqualified coöperation, it would almost certainly intervene on the side of law and order which in the case of Europe is laid down in the Treaty of Versailles. For that reason an indisposition to intervene except under unusually satisfactory conditions is a wise precaution for American public opinion to adopt. The welfare of Europe depends upon the gradual but inevitable supersession of that Treaty; and any temporary unrest and commotions which will tend to produce this result are necessary evils. Whether in any particular crisis American intervention may contribute to permanent pacification and what form it should take is a matter for future decision. But the wise American attitude should be one of sympathetic and alert scepticism. If Europe really needs saving and is capable of being saved, the European people will have to save themselves. America can help only in so far as the European governments are already on the road to soothing their own animosities and dissensions. A renewal of the merely partisan coöperation which the United States gave during the War would intensify and prolong Europe's domestic conflicts.

Gas 50c?

WHEN the chalk figures on the gasoline station blackboards begin to climb, the car owner grumbles, but he is in the grip of forces so large and vague that he feels no more able to cope with them than the savage caught in a thunder storm. He passes it off with incoherent phrases about "supply and demand" or the "oil trust," and hopes for a turn of better luck. But there is a still harder doom approaching him, which he hardly suspects, and which he might do something to avert. Gas may in the course of a few years keep on going up to 25, to 30, to 40, to 50—heaven knows where. Its volatility may keep on dropping so that he cannot use it without a new type of engine. In fact, he may have to discard the present design of car altogether, and buy a lighter one or one equipped with a motor for alcohol or something else. That might save the automobile manufacturing industry from the crash which will arrive when its market is saturated, but it would be uncomfortable for the joy-riding public.

Geologists agree that American oil deposits are being rapidly exhausted. Nobody can tell when the end will come, but few predictions, based on current rates of consumption, allow us a margin of over twenty years. The crisis, however, will not be postponed until the moment when the last drop is used. It will begin the moment when the new wells annually driven cannot produce enough oil to make up for those which go out of production, and also furnish a surplus to keep pace with the soaring demand. Of the seven great fields in the United States, three are already in a hopeless decline, the two greatest are just passing their peak, one is largely an unknown quantity, and only one—the Rocky Mountain—is certainly on the up-grade. Almost any month the supply curve may begin to lag behind the demand. That means the beginning of permanently higher prices. As prices rise, other sources will be tapped at various price levels to retard their ascent. There are the undeveloped fields abroad. There are the vast deposits of shale. But, so far as we know, every one of these sources is more costly than our present ones, and all together they can never restore the heyday of cheap gas.

It is about time, therefore, for the man with his foot on the accelerator to pay attention to the well authenticated fact that untold quantities of oil are lost beyond hope of recovery by present methods of extraction, that over one-half the available oil is left underground when fields are abandoned, that not more than 25 percent of the oil in the earth ever reaches the pipe line. In addition there are losses in storage estimated at 200,000 gallons a day or nearly 75,000,000 a year, and further losses in antiquated refining processes. And, to round out this list merely of the biggest oil wastes, the ordinary American automobile engine is not more than 15 percent efficient, while about 30 percent of the heat of the gasoline escapes through the exhaust because of poorly adjusted carburetors and too rich mixtures. If the Oil Conservation Board, recently set up in Washington at the instance of Secretary Hoover, leads the industry and the consumers to do a good job of saving, the marketable oil supply might easily become twice as large as it is. Anyone who does not want 50 cent gas too soon will do well to watch this board like a hawk.

The job ahead of it isn't easy, because it has to conquer not technical difficulties, which are already surmounted in theory, but human habits—individual and social. To secure and use oil with a minimum of waste would be a simple process if it were done intelligently and according to plan. Oil lies in large pools underground. Geologists can predict where in about 85 percent of the cases. To drive wells in the best location and of the proper depth, to guard against seepage of oil out or water in, to take advantage of the natural gas for forcing the deposits of oil to the surface, to have precautions against the escape of this gas and for the storage of oil from "gushers," to guard against evaporation in storage, etc., etc.—these are techniques known but rarely practiced.

For man has at present some queer habits which prevent him from acting intelligently. He is mad for money gain and likes to gamble; therefore he sinks thousands of "wildcat" wells without geologic advice. And he cuts the earth up into little blocks of private property without regard to the size of the oil pools. You and your neighbors all tap the same pool. Oil brought up out of one pool through your neighbor's little square of land belongs to him, through your square it belongs to you. Therefore when he drives a well near your border you have

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to drive a well opposite it. Two wells close together are worse than one, because they may waste gas pressure, and one of them may be so poorly located as to spoil the whole pool through seepage. Never mind—competition is the life of trade! And there is extravagant need for haste. You don't get the proper location and the proper depth, you drive too many wells, you fail to take necessary precautions at the surface—all because of the need of haste. Never mind—there is a fortune in a lucky strike; what do you care about the waste? While you are eliminating the waste your neighbor may make the haste and the fortune.

It is the same in storage—improperly insulated tanks allow evaporation of about 20 percent of the gas; too rapid exploitation leads to unnecessary storage capacity. It is the same in refining—gasoline is in demand; therefore in a rich, new field, many refineries merely skim off the gasoline and leave quantities of valuable lubricants and by-products in the crude which is sold for fuel or for some other use in which it would be as good if these products had been extracted. There are many intermediate refineries which do a better job, but not a complete one. And even the best refineries have an excess capacity of some 30 percent, which is a financial burden on the consumer.

There are in existence excellent studies of oil waste—Pogue and Stocking alone could supply the Oil Conservation Board with ample materials for a report on the subject. What is needed is a method of social control, and popular acceptance of that method. Is it public ownership? Is it competition regulated by government licensing? Is it private monopoly, regulated as to price and efficiency like a public utility? If the car owners of America would rise and ask the Board to tell them, and if, having been told, they would demand appropriate action, much might be done to postpone the crisis and make the eventual readjustment easier by beginning it sooner. So far they have not risen or demanded, because they have never heard of the waste. They have never heard of it because news editors believe they are more interested in murder trials and men buried in caves than in the news of engineering discoveries. And perhaps they are.

If you put a family of fruit flies in a glass bottle with a piece of banana, they multiply and die off according to a mathematical law dependent on their fecundity and the endurance of the banana. Man is slightly more intelligent than the fruit fly because of his improved mechanical devices, but his social devices lag so far behind his mechanical ones that the result threatens to be much the same. The fruit fly type of man, when confronted with the oil situation, either does not see it or prates of private enterprise and the dangers of governmental meddling. The behavior of man with oil will furnish an interesting test of his capacity to adapt his social structure in time to affect his welfare, if not his survival. It will be worth watching.

Remaking Farm Life

IN this issue we publish an article on Community Farming by Dr. Elwood Mead, chief of the Federal Reclamation Service and one of the foremost authorities on farm economics and farm life. We recommend a careful perusal of Dr. Mead's article to every one who has reflected at all upon the problem of rural decay and its meaning for the nation. For we are actually facing a problem of decay. Our farms do indeed produce their billions' worth of products. They still provide us with more than we can consume at home and more than we can easily sell in the present condition of the world market. For all this, our agriculture partakes too generally of the nature of exploitation. It is mining out the fertility of the soil, and, what is more serious, it is mining out the zest and vigor of the rural population. In far too many districts the young men have departed for city employments, leaving the middle-aged and the old to present a fallacious appearance of sustained agriculture. In an immensely greater number of districts the healthy system of ownership has given way to absenteeism and tenantry, with visible deterioration in everything that makes country life worth while.

As Dr. Mead makes clear, rural reconstruction is a problem which transcends the powers of the individual farm family. A farmer may be competent and industrious; he may keep his own acres perfectly tilled and his buildings in perfect repair; he may maintain his family in health and comfort, but he can not thereby insure a good life for himself, his wife and children. If the neighboring farms are occupied by shiftless ne'er-do-wells, his isolation becomes almost insupportable. The associations his children form in school or social gathering are a grave concern to him. Given an opportunity he sells out and moves to town, where selection of associates is practicable.

This aspect of the rural problem was fully taken into account by the early settlers of New England. They set out deliberately to plant communities, not individual homesteads. Weeden, quoted by Lewis Mumford, points out that they "laid out the village in the best order to attain two objects: first, the tillage and culture of the soil; second, the maintenance of a civil and religious society." The inhabitants of the village, Mr. Mumford says, were co-partners in a corporation. They admitted only such members as they could assimilate; they restricted the right of transferring land. No members of the community could through free sale plant in its midst a family regarded by the rest of the community as undesirable. Anyone who studies these communities through the generations of their vigor will be forced to the conclusion that rural life found in them a finer expression than it has ever attained in the richer lands beyond the mountains.

It was the race for new lands that broke up the wholesome system of settlement by organic com-

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munities. For generations the expectation of unearned increment has served to hold the better rural stocks to the soil in spite of the deterioration of social life. But the epoch of free land has passed, leaving as its legacy a speculative bent that bids farm prices up to a level beyond the reach of the farmer's son who starts without capital. He has his choice between prolonged or even permanent tenancy, and joining the masses who are overcrowding our cities.

For this situation the Single Tax offers a simple remedy. Tax the unimproved value out of the land: it will then cease to be a speculative investment and the man who wishes to live on it and work it will find its price within his reach. There are several major difficulties with this remedy. It is politically impracticable, and the confiscation of existing land values would dissolve the bonds that hold much of our best farming population to the soil. Furthermore, it does not in itself establish the necessary condition of a healthy rural life, organic community development.

Dr. Mead indicates a way by which the main object may be secured without disturbing the existing scheme of values and setting up a serious clash of interests. Let the state acquire the lands necessary for a whole farm community, drain the mosquito-breeding swamps, clear away rubbish and superfluous fences, lay out the land in farms each carefully calculated to maintain its man, and then sell the farms on easy terms of interest and payment to carefully selected farmers. Under Dr. Mead's supervision California has established such a community at Durham and has proved that the plan actually works. It could be made to work in any state of the Union.

Hardly anyone realizes that from New Jersey south to Florida there are millions upon millions of acres of land once tilled but now abandoned to scrub and bramble, which could be restored to productiveness at far less cost than is involved in putting water on the land in the arid West. These soils are thin and sandy, to be sure, but they are quite as good as those which sustain the flourishing agriculture of North Germany and Denmark. Such a plan as Dr. Mead proposes would redeem them and add to our nation's assets tens of thousands of independent farm homes.

The New England rural community found its natural centre in the church. Religious homogeneity can no longer be counted on in the farm community, nor is it so necessary in a time when the automobile makes possible the assemblage of widely scattered congregations. In the community of today the co-operative association and the social centre can be made to serve the purpose of drawing the several households into a compact organization.

Dr. Mead has marked out the goal toward which our agricultural system must move if wholesome conditions of country living are to be preserved. The process of creating such communities is, however, a slow one. In the meantime the remorseless fluctuations of prices are working havoc with the farm population from which the personnel for community reconstruction must be drawn. Prices of staple products rise, land values follow promptly, with great activity in sales; prices slump and hosts of new buyers are bankrupted. Another contingent of beaten men is driven out of the fields and into city employment, to swell the overhead of our national production.

Whatever may be said for laissez faire in commerce and industry, it is not a régime under which agriculture thrives. There is no possibility of proportioning the output of agriculture definitely to the demand, since there is no forecasting the season. The farmer cannot establish stable prices by any effort of organization. Neither is there any relief to be expected from the conventional tariff policy. If through diversification of crops the production of staples were reduced to the average requirements of domestic consumption the fluctuations in prices would become even more extreme than they are at present. Our prices fluctuate now with world conditions, which are much more stable than those of any single country. Farming is a gamble today and if let alone will be more of a gamble tomorrow.

What we need is a combination of state and federal policies; state policies looking to the creation of healthy rural communities, federal policies looking to the stabilization of prices, for the benefit of both the community settler and the man who follows the path of pioneer individualism. Both policies involve a departure from the old idea of the state which limits its functions to police regulation. The state would have to employ its credit extensively in community building, the federal government in impounding staples when prices are too low and restoring them to the market when prices rise inordinately.

Such policies look difficult of administration. They would no doubt prove difficult. We shall, however, have more difficult problems to surmount if we leave agriculture, the basis of our economic life, to the mercies of speculation, landlordism, waste of soil and waste of men.

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Community Farming

IN my boyhood I knew a country school district which enjoyed a high reputation in the surrounding country. It was a fertile farming section. The farms were all about the same size and the owners took great pride in their cultivation. A weedy field or a neglected fence was a common reproach. The farmers had overcome the discomforts of mud roads in the winter by gravelling the highway through their district.

These farmers or their parents had moved West from New England and New York. They were devout religious people and deeply interested in good government. None were rich, but all had comfortable homes; all dressed well according to country standards, and each family had a carriage or carryall for Sunday and holiday use. In this and other ways they showed their keen civic pride in the way they lived and in the progress and reputation of their neighborhood.

The ownership of farms by their cultivators made each family feel it was a permanent and respected part of the community, and there was no tenant farmer to hold an inferior place. Inherited ideas and traditions caused them to agree as to what they ought to do and what their community ought to be.

This civic pride was shared by the children. It was their boast that every home in their district was surrounded with a white fence; that every house had running water in the kitchen. Other things contributed to the high repute of this district. Special attention was given to the selection of teachers for the school, and both parents and children took an active part in the Sunday school, which was a great prize winner at picnics for the excellence of its marching, a feature of summer gatherings in those days. It was an organized community, not a group of isolated units, in which the people worked together to maintain the reputation of their agriculture, the excellence of their schools, and keep alive those things which ministered to the higher life of the community.

A Year's Changes

All these desirable conditions were lost within a year. The well-tilled fields, the fertile soil, and the evidence of thrift and prosperity were noted by a city banker who had long planned to have a blooded-stock farm, not to make money but as a diversion. This seemed the place. He bought several of these farms. Some of his city associates decided to join in becoming gentlemen farmers. They did not concern themselves with prices paid for land because recreation was their motive. Those who sold declared that what they received made it unprofitable for a real farmer to own land.

The purchasers of these farms did not live on them; they made only occasional visits. Hired laborers or tenants were installed in the homes of the former cultivators. Most of these tenants were recent arrivals from Europe. Several could not speak English. None of them knew much about the ideas and traditions of American life which made the district so attractive. When their children went to school they did not look like the children of the old American families, did not dress like them, and there was a racial aloofness on both sides. None of the newcomers, parents or children, attended the Sunday school.

Three Social Layers

There was an immediate and disastrous slump in the social and recreational activities of the district. It was no longer a democracy. Instead, there were three clearly-defined social layers. At the top were the rich city landowners who took little or no interest in community affairs. What remained of the original families felt keenly their changed social position. The new tenants and laborers did not care about their social status and were equally indifferent about what happened to the community. They were as a rule good farmers, but as active agents for maintaining a high rural civilization they did not know what the words meant.

The children of the original settlers who remained were unhappy and restless. They wanted to get away. Letters from the children of the families who had gone made them long for the attractions of the outside world which these letters described. A considerable number had joined the colony of retired farmers in southern California. Whenever there was a chance to sell, another American family moved away. The place was bought usually by a nonresident, so that in a short time tenancy was universal and the school was filled with the children of half a dozen nationalities. The Sunday school ceased to exist.

There was little falling off in population at first, but this also came later. Several of the owners of stock farms died; their heirs did not desire to continue; the fine stock was sold; the farms given over to growing grain, which was cultivated and harvested by machinery which required less labor. This kind of cultivation, however, exhausted the stored-up fertility of the soil and in time made it a neglected, run-down district, which it is today.

While it can not be said that this change is typical of what has taken place in rural life in the Middle West in the last forty years, there are large areas of which it is true. In many of the farming sections of the Middle West, ownership has given way to tenancy, with a loss to agriculture and a serious lowering of moral and social standards. With this has gone an exodus from the farm of the kind of people who are sorely needed there.

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Two years ago I talked with a farmer from a Middle West tenant county who had sold out and was on his way to California. He was a graduate of the state agricultural college. He inherited a farm and when he married he took up its cultivation. His mind was filled with ideas of community coöperation and betterment, as well as the use of modern methods on his own farm. But coöperation has never thrived in a tenant district, and this was not to be an exception. He was the only resident in his school district who wanted a better schoolhouse with more blackboards, or trees planted in the school grounds. He was the only one who worked for the buying of pure-bred sires and for improving their farm animals. Discouraged or indifferent tenants, land owners who feared the expense, made him work alone. When his children reached school age he had become convinced that it was a wrong environment for them to grow up in. For that reason rather than because California was a better farming state he was leaving to get a farm in one of the California state settlements, where the land tenure requires the owner to live on his farm and where communities are organized to do things that can be done better in that way than by individuals.

The Thirst for Education

Later on I met a Portuguese farmer also heading for California. He said: "I want my children to be educate. I no educate, but my children, I want them to be. I go to California because they have good schools in the country."

This movement to California by people who love the open country does not extend to the whole state but only to certain centres. Rural California has some of the most backward communities in the United States and some of the best. There are localities with great estates where the land is treated as a factory to grow crops. Tenants who will pay the highest rent or laborers who will work for the lowest wages are the kind desired. Where they come from, what their ideas or habits, and what their influence on rural civilization is likely to be are ignored. This has built up neighborhoods which are country slums and other neighborhoods where the people retain their racial antagonisms, so they create here little Balkan states. As helps to good government, these tenants or laborers are of no more value than the mules they drive. From such communities the American tenant and farm laborer have disappeared or are leaving, not because they dislike farm work but because they have no social status and they and their families have to live in a way that affronts their pride and self-respect.

The other type of rural community has as one of its oldest examples Anaheim, a coöperative colony near Los Angeles. It was founded by a group of workers who had the same social ideals and moral standards as the Pilgrim Fathers. Today, more than half a century later, it maintains its high ideals. Dotted over the state are other communities, planned with an eye to human welfare, as well as to utilize the resources with which the state is so richly endowed.

The latest example of planned community development is the state land settlement at Durham, California, where several thousand acres of land were bought by the state on the advice of soil experts of the State University, the purchase price of the land being fixed by Dean Hunt of the State Agricultural College. The next step was to visualize the community that was to be, and lay the foundation on which to rear its economic structure. The location was freed from malaria by creating a mosquito-abatement district. A soil survey determined what should be the size of farms and the prices for land to be paid by settlers. Agricultural experts worked out farm programs. The farms were sold on long-time amortized payments, which gave to the aspiring tenant farmer a lifetime in which to become a farm owner. This scheme also included homes for farm laborers, which is something needed in every country district, as there are many farm laborers' families who need a house, and a little patch of land for a garden where there can be fruit and flowers and chickens, and which they can feel is their own.

By mobilizing the expert knowledge of the state in the planning of this settlement, by taking advantage of the experience of other countries in working out the interest rate and the length of time given for payment, by helping the settlers to coöperate in business and social affairs, the hundred farms and the forty farm laborers' homes at Durham have become a landmark in rural progress that has attracted experts from more than thirty widely-separated countries. After a lapse of five years it is a firmly-established going concern. The farmers are meeting their payments on land and the advances made to enable them to live in comfortable houses, own good stock, and work with good tools. The comfort and convenience of the farm laborers' homes and the willingness of their owners to do all kinds of farm work have been a revelation to those who thought the American farm worker had degenerated.

A Demonstrated Success

These farm laborers take part in all the coöperative activities of the settlement; their families share in the social life on an equality with the farm owners' families. Many of them will be farm owners in the future. The Durham colony is very like the American school district of my boyhood. There is the same civic pride in the community; the same interest in education and community affairs. It has, however, a better land tenure and better organized community activities. These cannot be broken up by the purchase of farms by nonresidents. Until the farms are paid for only people who live on them are permitted to become owners. If speculation had not been thus eliminated half of these farms

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would be owned today by merchants and capitalists of the Sacramento valley.

California and the two Carolinas are among the agricultural states that have begun constructive measures to help men become farm owners. In North Carolina 22,000,000 of the state's 31,000,000 acres are unimproved. Only 8,000,000 are cultivated, and among the cultivators are 117,000 landless farmers. These tenants and croppers follow a primitive and destructive kind of cultivation. They take everything out of the soil and put little or nothing back. This has brought low yields which, joined to a drab, monotonous life, are causing a wholesale exodus of both white and black farmers. The drift is in the wrong direction and needs to be changed. If the state could bring its good land under cultivation it would add $400,000,000 to the yearly value of farm products. But such results will come only through constructive action based on the idea that land settlement is a public question.

Where the Colonizer Fails

In order to bring back these departed families rural life must be made socially attractive. The easiest way to do this is to create communities where the people will be helped to act together in business and social affairs. The restoration of these idle and neglected fields requires group settlement, each farmer owning his land but touching elbows with his neighbors in many helpful ways.

The lure of farm ownership must be also held out. Money must be provided to help settlers buy and improve their patches of land and equip them so they can be properly cultivated. That needs the best kind of oversight and far more money than private colonizers are willing to furnish. That has been proved in North Carolina by the failure of many colonies where the land buyer was left to hoe his own row. The colonizer usually is a land salesman only. His interest ceases when the purchaser signs on the dotted line. The sale of the land must be the beginning of responsible oversight in the colony of the future.

There is, however, one colonizer in North Carolina who has the true conception. This is Hugh McRea of Wilmington. His colonies have been outstanding successes because they were organized like industrial enterprises. Before he bought the land he had worked out the farm program, the acres the settler and his family could cultivate, what it would cost to improve and equip the farm, and how much money the settler should have. What the settler did not have he was prepared to furnish. In one colony he had an architect design all the houses. These colonies have been an agricultural and economic revelation in the region where they are located, and if there were enough Hugh McReas in North Carolina, land settlement would not be a problem in his state. But with only one, and his interest centred in one locality, the legislature in 1923 made it a state matter. It created a state committee on land settlement, which was to make investigations and recommend "practical and feasible plans for aiding the landless tenants of North Carolina to better their condition."

It specifically required this committee to investigate:

1. Plans for group or community farm settlements with the farms owned by their cultivators.
2. The results of state aid in helping landless tenants or croppers to become farm owners.

This committee combined political and economic experience. The chairman was State Senator D. F. Giles. The secretary, R. M. Cox, was a member of the lower house. Other members were Frank Porter, state statistician; General E. F. Glenn, and Prof. S. H. Hobbs, of the State Agricultural College. The committee visited all the states where land settlement has been recognized as a subject of importance, and has submitted a very able report, which includes the following recommendations:

1. That a state agency be created to establish two community settlements which shall serve as public demonstrations of agricultural efficiency and social betterment.
2. That a revolving loan fund, properly safeguarded, be created to assist landless men to become farm owners.

Out of the 19,500,000 acres in South Carolina only 5,000,000 acres or a little more than a fourth, were cultivated in 1923. The tenant cultivators number 124,231, of whom 38,000 are white, and who are living on the land with no permanent tie to any locality. Between 1918 and 1922 the cotton crop decreased nearly a million acres. Nine thousand white families moved into the cotton-mill towns and lumber camps in two years. A larger number of Negroes went North. The poor farmer was being starved out. The good one did not like to stay in a country of empty houses and with fields being taken over by weeds and brush.

Private Effort not Enough

In 1923 the legislature of South Carolina also created a land-settlement commission, of which ex-Governor Manning was made chairman. It visited twenty states, saw the California settlements, went to Wisconsin and saw what a combination of state and private enterprise was doing. The conclusion of the commission is stated on the cover page of its interesting report: *"If South Carolina is to prosper as it should we must have a home-owning population."* All were agreed that leaving settlement to unorganized private effort would not bring this result. Great estates would have to be subdivided; the briars and brush of neglected farms cleared away. There must be houses and livestock and farm animals; and above all, groups of families with enough members to have good schools, to be able to organize for marketing their products, and have a social and economic life of their own.

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Students of this subject and practical experience have fixed one hundred as the minimum number of farms for such a settlement. This commission believes the state should make a trial. Its report recommends:

1. That the legislature enact a statute modeled after the California land-settlement act.
2. That a land-settlement board with five directors be created.
3. That the state loan this board $300,000 at 4½ percent interest, to be used to purchase land for an initial colony.

There are other important recommendations for later action, but these show how the commission believes reconstruction of farm life should begin.

Where the Government Stops

While the problem of how John and Mary can be helped to get married and settle down on a farm of their own, with plenty of time in which to pay for it, is concerning communities and states, the U. S. Reclamation Bureau is considering this question as a fundamental feature of reclamation.

For more than twenty years this important bureau of the government has been engaged in building canals and reservoirs to make waste land fit for human habitation. Many of its structures are great engineering achievements, but settlement of the land and the creation of prosperous homes under these works, without delay and waste of effort, have not yet been solved; yet conditions created by the Great War have made this a fundamental problem of reclamation.

At the last session of Congress the Secretary of the Interior recommended the construction of works to reclaim six new areas.

Five of these proposed projects are in the states of Washington, Oregon and Nevada, and they will be the ones to determine the methods which future settlement and agricultural development should follow.

The first step to be taken was an economic study of each of these areas. Engineering estimates had been made of the cost of the works but nothing had been done to determine who owned the land, what was asked for that held in private ownership, or the other vital things that the man who brings his family and undertakes to make a home on any of these lands ought to know.

Whoever was to make these studies should have a knowledge of local conditions as well as expert knowledge of soils, crops and marketing. The only place where investigators having this combination of scientific training and familiarity with the country could be found was in the agricultural colleges of the states interested, and an appeal was made to those colleges for the coöperation of the professors who had made a special study of these problems. The response was most generous. Experts from the universities of California, Nevada, and Idaho and from the agricultural colleges of Utah, Oregon, and Washington became members of these committees. They were aided by soil and engineering experts from the U. S. Department of Agriculture and the U. S. Reclamation Bureau.

Each area was assigned to a group, who were asked to complete their investigations and make a report which would be ready for Congress when it assembled in December. They were asked to make soil and economic studies; to determine whether the land was fit for intense cultivation, and if so what crops would be suited to the locality; what the acre-value of the crops would be, and what it would cost to improve and equip a farm.

Having gathered these facts the committees were asked to outline what they believed should be the plan of settlement and development for the areas they were investigating. They were especially asked to give their views as to the selection of settlers and what qualifications should be required in order that they might have a fair chance to succeed and be worthy members of their communities. If settlers were not required to have all the money needed to make a farm a growing concern without borrowing, the committees were asked to outline a credit system by which the additional money could be provided.

After these committees had prepared their reports they were to submit them to a local committee of business men on each project, for such comment and suggestions as might seem desirable.

The areas of these five projects varied from 27,000 acres at Baker to 80,000 acres at Owyhee. In all, the five projects have 250,000 acres, of which 200,000 acres are now privately owned. The holdings at present are altogether too large for successful cultivation by an individual or family. The largest single holding is 10,000 acres; many range from 640 to over 1,000 acres. These areas will have to be subdivided and settlers found.

How Big Should a Farm Be?

This brought up the question of what should be the proper size of the farm and how much money would be needed to change a tract of sagebrush land of this size into an irrigated farm equipped with the improvements and implements needed for its cultivation. The committees used a good many lead pencils in working this out. The result was a revelation of the influence of high prices on farm development. On farms varying in size from 50 to 160 acres it was found that the money needed for development would range from $6,000 to $12,000. It was not believed that a settler without capital could undertake such development, even if able to borrow all the money, and these committees found that on the different projects settlers should have of their own from $1,500 to $7,500 and must have some assured fund from which the remainder could be secured on a long-time loan. It was evident that the local rates of interest, which vary from 7 to 10 percent, on the short-time loans which commercial

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banks have to make would be no financial basis on which a settler could be advised to risk the hard-earned money he brought to the enterprise.

All the committees agreed therefore that some fund should be provided from which loans on terms suited to the profits of agriculture could be made and that the time of the loan should be long enough to enable the settler to earn the money out of crops. That meant a rate of from 4 to 5 percent and the period of payment from 20 to 40 years.

Advice for the Tenderfoot

It was realized also that many of the people who would come to these projects would be from the East and that all the conditions of aridity would be strange and new. They would have no knowledge of when and how to plant or how to use the implements required in the preparation of land or the distribution of water. To save these people from disastrous delays and the wrong use of money and effort, four out of the five committees recommended that advice and direction be made a feature of the development of each project and that this advice and direction should include economics and business as well as cultivation: in other words, that these people should be helped to organize for whatever work, in business and other things, a community could do better than the individual.

The probable income from these farms was found to vary from $30 to $50 an acre, and this estimate was based on statistics gathered from other irrigated farms near by. Under the old-time settlement the land salesman would have fixed that income at not less than $200 an acre and produce returns from citrus farms in California to prove that it was possible. An income of this kind will not provide much money to meet payments on construction cost of irrigation works which vary on these projects from $125 to $148 an acre, nor to pay $100 to $187 an acre needed to improve and equip the farm.

The government has provided most generous terms for the repayment of construction costs on the works. Only the principal of the money advanced for works has to be repaid; no interest whatever is charged, and in the bill recently enacted by Congress it is provided that the construction costs shall be repaid by an annual contribution of 5 per cent out of the gross crop income. On the estimated value of crops this would make the repayment period on four of these projects vary from 67 to over 100 years. These are not unlike the repayment conditions on farms in Europe, which run from 68 years in Ireland to 90 years in Denmark. But money borrowed for improvements would have to pay interest, and it was the opinion of all the committees that the feasibility of these projects depends upon a credit fund being provided, from which advances for improvement of farms could be made.

This brought up the question: Is there sufficient inducement to attract men to these unimproved areas, where an immense amount of very hard, disagreeable and unproductive work will have to be done? Post holes will have to be dug for fences; sagebrush cleared off. There is no harder work than handling a buckscraper, but it will be needed to prepare the land so that water will flow over the ground and irrigate the crops uniformly. The answer to this question is that there are people who like pioneering; who would prefer to create a farm according to their desire rather than to buy one prepared by some one else.

It was the conclusion of all these committees that the provisions of the Reclamation Act governing settlement should be re-written; that settlers must be selected—they cannot be selected now where land is thrown open under the Homestead Act; that there be more liberal conditions of payment than are now given by any private landowner. The time has come when we must follow European practice, which gives from forty to ninety years in which to pay for a farm, or the Australian system which gives thirty-six years; the time has come when we must consider the rate of interest which the farmer can afford to pay, rather than the commercial rate of interest in the locality.

Some of the committees recommended that the improvement of farms be made a part of construction and the cost of this added to the cost of canals and reservoirs. It is held correctly that the preparation of land for irrigation is not agriculture but engineering, and that if the inclusion of this cost by the government makes the work too expensive and hazardous, then that hazard and expense should not be loaded on the settler and the works should not be built. Part of the cost of such improvements should be paid when the farm is taken over, 25 to 40 percent as a cash payment on such costs being recommended.

Supervised Expenditures

If any credit scheme is adopted the money cannot be provided by a bank or handed out to settlers as a loan. Too many of these settlers lack a knowledge of local conditions; too many will come to this undertaking without ever having had any experience in this kind of development. If they were given money to spend and left to decide what improvements should be made, some houses would be too expensive and some too cheap. The improvement of these farms, where public money is provided, must be dealt with as a service. Some competent authority connected with the project must determine what kind of improvements will have a value to his successor if the present settler fails, and so safeguard development costs that the farm can be made a going concern at a reasonable expense. That is the system followed in all countries which have had long experience in aid and direction in land settlement, and it will doubtless be adopted if a demonstration in planned development becomes a feature of these projects.

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Whoever determines what advances should be made, gives advice to settlers, and helps to shape community organization holds an important place in this development. On his common sense, knowledge of agriculture, and personal influence will depend in large measure the rate of development, the contentment of the people and repayments to the credit fund. He will do much to bring into these new communities, in their pregnant years when institutions are forming, those things which rural life needs and which other industries have adopted.

A bill (S. 4151) has been introduced in the Senate by Senator Kendrick of Wyoming, and a similar bill (H. R. 11171) in the House of Representatives by Representative Winter of Wyoming, providing for aided and directed settlement of government land in irrigation projects. This bill has been unanimously and favorably reported to the Senate by the Committee on Irrigation and Reclamation.

As pointed out in the Senate report on the bill, the purpose of the measure is to change the plan under which settlers are accepted and under which they undertake their obligations. By doing away with the evils of the lottery system in obtaining settlers, they will be selected on a basis of known qualifications for the work of developing these raw lands into homes, and must bring to this joint venture between the government and themselves a reasonable amount of farm experience and a limited amount of capital.

In order to secure coöperation and teamwork among the new settlers, the bill provides for placing on each settlement an adviser who is qualified to instruct the beginners in irrigation agriculture to whom the problems of reclamation are new; and to initiate and foster coöperative buying and selling organizations among the settlers.

Government loans are provided for the advancement of permanent improvements and for the purchase of livestock, as the new plan contemplates not only the success and welfare of the settler in becoming a land owner who actually lives on his land, but the protection of the government's investment, recognizing the fact that by increasing the opportunities for successful development of the projects, prompt repaying by the settler of his obligations to the government is being insured.

In the words of this unanimous report, "it is believed to be a conservative, economical, and common-sense plan for meeting a problem which confronts reclamation and will create promptly prosperous farming communities where, without it, there would be delay, uncertainty, and loss to many settlers and the government."

This means blazing a new trail and a radical departure from the ideas and practices which have prevailed from the time the wave of western settlement crossed the Alleghenies. We live, however, in a different time and only by changing our methods to meet these new conditions can a solvent development of the unusual resources of land and water in the arid region be achieved.

ELWOOD MEAD.

The League and the Danger Spots

WHETHER the United States needs membership in the League of Nations, is a question on which European observers perhaps are not competent to pass. But that the League needs America, that it will never assume its proper and final character until it is a worldwide organization, including not only the United States, but Germany, Russia and Turkey, is a truth which is, and long has been, painfully apparent. In its present form, the League is far too much a combination of victors to enforce its own interpretation of the peace terms.

We have known that the League is half a league —but we have hoped that it may be half a league onward. Yet it is impossible at this late day not to doubt the efficacy of an international body that is not truly worldwide and cannot arrange for the freest and fullest thrashing out of supposed grievances. The members of the League themselves have not yet a real conception of its ultimate true character. When, for instance, at the last meeting of the Assembly the representative of Hungary made a perfectly proper though outspoken speech suggesting that if his country has been disarmed by the Treaty of Trianon it was surely never intended that disarmament should permanently be unilateral, that there was an implied promise that the neighbors of Hungary would voluntarily do for themselves what Hungary had been obliged to do, it might have been supposed that there would be a satisfactory answer forthcoming from the representatives of the Little Entente. They could at least have expressed themselves in sympathy with the principle of general disarmament. They could have repudiated the policy of holding down Hungary and making for a conquered state rules which they do not mean to adopt for themselves. They could have done this without committing themselves in present circumstances too deeply to the practice of a peaceful doctrine. They chose, on the contrary, to treat the Hungarian intervention with scorn. The past of the Hungarian representative, they said, put him out of court. They would behave as they pleased and would not even enter into any discussion. But surely the purpose of the League Assembly is precisely to furnish an international platform on which discussions, even of the most delicate kind, can take place between men of

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good will in the friendliest spirit and without the smallest loss of temper. If the Assembly is not such a platform it is nothing and worse than nothing.

I write as one of the earliest exponents of the League idea, as one who believes in the future of the League and can therefore permit himself to utter criticism. It is indeed the duty of those who believe in the League to point out all its defects and to attempt to get them removed. One of the greatest defects of the League, as it is now constituted—and this was the most conspicuous feature of the Geneva meeting last autumn—is the tendency to regard itself as an alliance of victorious peoples who must maintain the spoils of victory at all costs against the defeated peoples, and while admitting these defeated peoples into their midst, do so on the understanding that there shall be no revision of treaties, that what has been acquired, rightly or wrongly, must not be disturbed. One thing that has been acquired which must not be disturbed is the superior prestige of the victorious peoples, and it must not be challenged by any defeated nation impudently asking for equality of treatment.

Such is the attitude towards those nations which have been admitted to the League. It is the attitude taken up towards those nations (with the exception of America) which at some later date, as it is hoped, will come into the League. In the case of Germany it is now the general view that the presence of the Reich at Geneva is indispensable. Is it not somewhat absurd to pretend to settle all the troubles of Europe without the willing consent of Germany after the most complete and unrestrained discussions in which Germany shall have participated? Nobody is so blind as not to see that Germany must be included in the League. But the vision is confused and it is regarded as a preliminary condition of Germany's admission that Germany shall subscribe to the apostolic creed of the superior morality of the victorious Allies, shall refrain from upsetting the sacrosanct theory that Germany alone was to blame for the multitudinous slaughter of the mad years. That question must be definitely put away in the category of unalterable historical opinions. Germany must consent to brand herself, as in the Versailles treaty, the unique and monstrous culprit. So shall she be forever diminished in the councils of the nations and the Allies be the eternal and magnanimous moral superiors of Germany.

Moreover, the French still fear that in spite of the clear clauses of the Treaty and indeed of the Covenant, Germany will, when once inside the League, probably with a seat on the Council, begin to use the machinery of the League itself for the revision of the Treaty. They are still clinging pathetically to the belief that no matter what provisions of a treaty, signed in no matter what circumstances, it must be respected, and that peace must be based upon the existing state of things. M. Herriot would not have fashioned the same peace as M. Clemenceau. M. Briand prides himself upon holding different views from those of M. Poincaré. The Radical Party would have made other arrangements than those of the Bloc National had it been in power. But everybody in France agrees that peace having been made, whether it is a bad or a good peace, whether it is just or iniquitous, whether its foundations are rotten or solid, it shall be regarded from henceforward as sacred. This is strange reasoning, but it is still the reasoning of France, and even England a little while ago was unspeakably distressed at the notion of a revision of the treaties.

Let there be no mistake about it: whatever may be the nominal conditions on which Germany enters the League, if indeed she enters, it is towards a revision of the treaties that we are marching. It may come in one of two ways. The League may be the instrument of a pacific revision or if it seeks only to resist such revision and to build on unstable foundations, both the edifice of the peace and the edifice of the League will come toppling down. There is therefore a good deal that is unreal about the assumptions of the 1924 Assembly. There are many danger spots in Europe which it is folly to ignore. With or without the permission of the League, inside or outside the League, to the credit or to the discredit of the League, there is a whole host of questions which must be settled, which are not settled because they have been provisionally regulated by treaty. One need only mention the Polish corridor to Danzig which cuts Germany in two, the frontiers of Upper Silesia, the arrangements in connection with the Saar, and the foreign occupation of the Rhineland which, it is argued, may be continued in certain conditions in perpetuity.

As for Russia, who is no party to the peace proposals of Geneva, it is sufficient to remark that she can take Bessarabia from Rumania whenever she pleases, that she too has a quarrel with Poland, that she may yet find herself in collision with Turkey, that further East she is likely to have a perpetually increasing influence which may precipitate wars, and that with all this Russia stands outside the League —an outlaw with an outlaw's mentality.

In so far as the League has sought to foster the spirit of peace it is certainly to be commended, but it would be wrong to cherish illusions. Much of its work is vitiated by such separate pacts as those on which the French and the Central European states rely to preserve the territorial arrangements of 1919. This inconsistent desire to construct Franco-Polish pacts, Franco-Czecho-Slovakian pacts, Rumano-Czecho-Slovakian pacts, and the rest, against Germany, against Russia, against Hungary, and so forth, entirely militates against the system of negotiations and of arbitration. When all possible

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precautions to defend the status quo are taken, when all possible subjects of negotiation are ruled out, then only will the victorious Allies negotiate on what remains. When arbitration must be governed by existing documents which are the whole cause of the prospective disputes, then the victorious Allies will arbitrate, for they can have nothing to lose. Unless there is a vivid appreciation of these central criticisms we shall not reach the heart of the European problem, which is precisely the need for some adjustment of the provocative and perhaps disastrous legal documents established in circumstances which are rapidly changing.

And outside Europe there are danger-spots everywhere—in the coveted and troubled Spanish Morocco, in Mesopotamia, in Syria, in the Sudan, in Georgia and other border states of Russia, in Afghanistan, in restless India, in disrupted China, and above all in the waters of the Pacific to which the Geneva Assembly, from which America was absent, but at which Japan was present, has pointed a warning finger. The League has much work to do and it may yet rise to the height of its opportunity, but only on condition that its members cultivate much more the international mind and do not continue to represent nations and groups of nations but mankind universally. Also, it is imperative that the League shall cease to be a partial, unfinished League, out of which are left those nations which must be the corner-stones and the buttresses of any durable international institution.

SISLEY HUDDLESTON.

Paris.

Who is Governor of Texas?

THE women of Texas have a grievance—against the newspapers and magazines of the North and East; nor do they hold the women of those sections entirely blameless. These Texas women claim that they have been grossly misrepresented to the rest of the world in recent months. They say they have been represented as enthusiastic supporters of "Ma" Ferguson for governor of their state; that, as feminists, they have been rejoicing in the prospect that Texas was to have the first woman governor; and that they were not a little peeved when fate took matters in hand and gave that honor first to Wyoming, after Texas had it surely clinched.

Against all these representations, and others of the same sort, the women of Texas enter a general and sweeping denial. They never were, they say, for Mrs. Ferguson for governor or anything else; they did not vote for her; she does not represent anything that any woman of intelligence in Texas wanted, or now wants; and the efforts of certain eastern feminists to make Mrs. Ferguson's election "a great victory for the women of America" leaves the women of Texas cold. They want the wide world to know that they—the women of Texas—take no pride in any of the political developments in their state in the past year.

What are the facts in the case? Well, Texas is a big state, and the currents of opinion run in a myriad directions outward from any given point. Hence, anyone who would attempt to give the "facts" is sure to miss some of them, to get others wrong and to mix in some debatable items. But as nearly as can be ascertained, these are the salient particulars needed for an understanding of the peculiar political set-up which now exists in the Lone Star empire.

Jim Ferguson, a banker of Temple, and a farmer on the side, ran for governor in 1914. He was an able man, something of a student, and a convincing stump speaker. His theme was the wrongs of the tenant farmers of Texas. He knew what he was talking about, and he won the election quite handsomely. Incidentally, he built up what has since been called the "Ferguson bloc" in the electorate of the state. He was supported by the tenant farmers, by the big brewing interests of the state, and by all that rabble which is convinced by the fluent orator. His first term was noteworthy for the number of pardons granted by the executive to convicts in the prisons of the state. There are those who say that these pardons did not always represent mere "executive clemency."

He was reëlected in 1916, and took this as a mandate from the people to "clean things up." Of course, that is a phrase susceptible of many interpretations, some of them not quite reputable. Early in 1917 he began to "clean up" the state university. Curiously enough, this was on the prohibition issue. Five members of the faculty of that institution had made themselves non grata to the brewing interests of the state. Governor Jim ordered the board of regents to remove these five men. The board was obedient. They were removed in July—their terms to end on August 31.

The friends of the university were aroused. Ugly rumors had long been circulating to the effect that the governor's administration of the state's finances was not above reproach. His own bank at Temple was thought to be involved in some sort of mal-administration of state money. Proof was slowly accumulated; and in August the legislature was convened for the purpose of investigating the situation. Formal charges of mal-administration were made; the Senate organized itself as a high court of impeachment; the charges were thoroughly aired and investigated; and the sentence of the court was "Guilty as charged."

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Thus ended the first chapter in the Ferguson career. The lieutenant-governor succeeded him; the five members of the university faculty were restored to their positions by September 15, the state's finances were readjusted; and most of the people of the state hoped that the whole unsavory episode could be forgotten.

But not Jim Ferguson. He was far from having finished his political career. True, his impeachment had seemed to carry with it complete disbarment from the enjoyment of any office of profit or trust under the constitution of the state of Texas, forever. But the office of United States Senator from Texas is not a state office; and he could aspire to that. He tried in that field, but was not successful; and, anyhow, he didn't want that kind of an office—then. He wanted to be governor again for the sake of "vindication"—with the perquisites thereunto appertaining.

Accordingly, in the spring of 1924 he announced himself as a candidate for governor. His opponents brought suit to enjoin the state board of elections from placing his name on the ballot, on the ground that his impeachment had actually stripped him of all his civic rights. The highest court of the state held with his opponents. His name could not go on the ticket.

He was hurt, but not discouraged. "These people who talk so much about the Constitution," he said, "have just as much real use for the Constitution as a Tom-cat has for a marriage license. I'll show them." He did. The next day, his wife announced herself as a candidate for governor. This announcement was first regarded as a joke; but it was very far from a joke. The "Ferguson bloc" put her into the running in the first primary; and fear of the Ku Klux Klan made her the nominee of the Democratic party in the "run off"—the second primary.

Who voted for her? In the first primary, held in July, 1924, she got only the votes of the original "Ferguson bloc." In the second primary, in August, she got those same votes, and the votes of all who preferred even a Ferguson and a woman to an avowed Klan candidate. So far, so good. But what of the final election in November?

That's a strange question to ask about a Texas election! Well, not so strange. The anti-Ferguson Democrats were not yet defeated. They looked about for an opposing candidate—in spite of the fact that by voting in the Democratic primaries they had pledged themselves to vote for the successful candidate of those primaries. They found one in a professor of political science at the university. This man was a Republican, which both clarified and complicated the situation. It was thought he would command the Republican vote—always small, of course, but important now; it was assumed that the Negroes would vote for him; and the anti-Ferguson Democrats were given two months in which to argue themselves into voting for a Republican. The outlook for an anti-Ferguson governor was not hopeless.

But Texas was in a turmoil. The Republican candidate could not rid himself of the support of the Klan. The Klan members had no place else to go; so they threw themselves into his arms. He repudiated them, but their love overcame all his protestations. The results were disastrous. It is computed that the Republican voters were disgruntled and refused to support him. The Negroes were scared and left him flat. He was defeated—on the face of the returns. He got 300,000 votes to Mrs. Ferguson's 400,000. None the less, there are those who claim that if the votes had been counted honestly, he would have been returned the victor.

Mrs. Ferguson was elected. She was supported, not by the women of Texas, but by the original "Ferguson bloc," by those members of the Democratic party—both men and women—who could not bring themselves to vote for a Republican and by those others, Democrats, Republicans and Negroes, who would not vote for anyone for whom the Klan was voting. Mrs. Ferguson's election had in it no element of triumph for women.

Moreover, "now it can be told" that Mrs. Ferguson is not to be the real governor of Texas. Since the election in November she has taken little, if any, part in those deliberations by which the state's new program has been mapped out. At practically all such gatherings, large or small, she has been "represented" by her husband, who has, usually, reported that "Ma" had the hay fever and could not be present. To be sure, "Ma" is the only legal governor, now that she has been "inaugurated." But there are few Texans who think of her as governor; almost none who speak of her as "Governor"; and none at all, it is generally reported, who take the trouble to confer with her as to programs, problems or prospects. Jim is once more referred to as "Governor Ferguson"; Jim is consulted about everything. Jim moved to Austin from his home in Temple long before the time for the new administration to come. He needed to be "on the spot" for the consideration of important state policies. Although disbarred from holding any office of profit or trust under the constitution of the state, he is governor by proxy—the real governor. This of course on the fundamental matrimonial principle that "What's yours is mine, and what's mine is my own."

Jim has been more than "vindicated." He has been put into a position such as probably no other American has ever enjoyed. With all of the powers, privileges and perquisites of public office, he has none of the responsibilities. Jim is to be "unofficial adviser to the governor of Texas." That's all. Well, no: he's also to be unofficial adviser to all the executive departments. There's a State Highway Department for example with $30,000,000 to spend on roads in the next few years. Jim will advise the department how to spend this money. But

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remember—he is a private citizen, without official standing, and without salary.

Texas still belongs to the old South. The political orator still quotes from the classic poets and ends his eulogium with a stirring peroration. Hence, Texas is still a land of chivalry. The men of Texas are under obligation to treat "Ma" as a woman should be treated. She must be protected from the rough ways of the world. It is only proper that her husband should serve as liaison officer between her and the crude world of politicians who know what they want. Jim can be "cussed out" even by the very ones who most admire him for the way in which he has "come back" and "put the enemy to route." But, according to code, the men of Texas must take off their hats in the presence of "Ma."

Not so, however, the women. They do not care for the notoriety their state has achieved in these matters; they are not impressed by the fact that their governor is a woman; they realize the sideplays by which the actualities are covered up; and they are ready to speak out in meeting if they get the chance.

Before the inauguration of Mrs. Ferguson, they had no illusions about the future. They expected the bootleggers to get by with greater ease; they assumed that the old extension of the pardoning power, in the former Ferguson administration, would be renewed; they looked forward to more trouble for the progressive members of the university faculty; and they expected Jim to be the real power behind the throne in all financial affairs. They did not hesitate to say so.

The inauguration has taken place, and "Ma" is now the ostensible governor of the state. What is happening?

It is still too early to tell. But in her inaugural address, "Ma" intimated that the efforts of the preceding administration to enforce the prohibition laws would not be stringently followed; that there were a good many cases in which executive clemency might well be extended to inmates of the state's prisons; and that her hope was to make her administration a success by coöperating with those who were interested in such things as rural schools and tenant farmers' conditions.

"What's yours is mine"; but can the state stand such a doctrine?

The women of Texas want it distinctly understood that they did not desire any such development in the political life of their state; they did not vote for it; they expect nothing constructive to come of it; their only hope is that the whole business will go on without too much sickening experience for the next two years; and that in 1926 the people will have intelligence enough to rescue themselves from the impossible situation in which they now find themselves.

JOSEPH K. HART.

Lincoln

THE mists that have been closing between us and the figure of the real Washington ever since Gilbert Stuart decided that the left side of his face best represented the Father of a Country, and turned out some thirty-odd copies and variations of his portrait of it, have not yet closed over Lincoln. If Stuart had thought better of his illuminating version of the long, shrewd, unsensitive and incorruptible right side of that grand old physiognomy, and not so well of a prim, powdered and immortal sphinx, we might have been spared something of the strained legend that runs from Cherry Tree to a frozen finality on the two-cent stamp. Fortunately, Lincoln is still fairly visible. Yet a legend will inevitably grow up about him too, and the nobly twisted oak will be hidden under a parasitic vine of idealization, ignorance, and apotheosis. Lincoln was great—nobody disputes that. But we want to believe that he was always great; we rebel at the thought that he might never have become great, or even less than that, a chance interesting head above the surface. We shrink at the idea that he carried within himself the seeds of uncertainty, despair, mediocrity. We explain away these burdens as flaws sometimes attractive, always pardonable, in a man unaccountably, but indisputably, chosen by destiny for a great place. We are more inclined to think him great in spite of his handicaps than because he lived with them and outgrew them. He was "great"; once that has been admitted, we can safely give him a great man's allowance of peculiarity. And once we have allowed him a few negative traits we can forget them, and confine ourselves to his greatness, which we make less great by this forgetfulness. Here is the beginning of legend.

At its simplest, the legend is something like this: Abraham Lincoln was a poor rail-splitter and country lawyer who rose to be president of the United States, almost miraculously, just as the country needed a man who was wise, brave, and forgiving. He saved the Union, he freed the slaves, he wrote the Gettysburg address, the Second Inaugural, and a letter to Mrs. Bixby. He was cruelly murdered by Booth in Ford's Theatre. Booth tripped and broke his leg, crying "Sic Semper Tyrannis." Of all our many great presidents Lincoln was perhaps the greatest except Washington and either Roosevelt or Wilson, but not both.

Intelligent Americans who have about as much as that in mind—and they are many, may have added another dimension to their conception of Lincoln by knowledge of his treatment of Chase, or a third

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dimension through accidental reading of his letter to General Hooker. But on the whole even intelligent Americans are ready for a legend. How ready we learned a few years ago when George Gray Barnard's statue was furiously assailed as a hideous scarecrow. Our idea of Lincoln was that of Saint-Gaudens, or something even more (in Stanton's phrase) the property of the ages. We were already part of those ages ourselves, so Lincoln's nobility, perhaps more than his humanity, was our unassailable property too. The quarrel went deeper than a mere opposition between the partisans of a faithfulness of the body and the partisans of a faithfulness to the soul. It was more than a disagreement between some who were sure that the statesman could not possibly have been as ugly as Barnard's rail-splitter and others equally sure that the rail-splitter could not possibly have looked as statesmanlike as Saint-Gaudens made him out. It was essentially a fight between two extremes of the legend already growing up, between the wing which saw in the poor awkward laborer's rise a vindication of democracy and the wing which saw in the fortunate miracle of a great man's guidance during civil war a vindication of belief in destiny's watchfulness over America. Either view provided more gilt for a legend. Those who sought to avoid legends were tempted to prefer neither one statue to the other, but both at once, seeing in the pair, one awkward, the other noble, something symbolic of immortal qualities gradually self-hammered into perfection, slowly, almost reluctantly brought out from their hiding place within the possibility of failure, blight, mediocrity. The Lincolns suggested by the two statues are not in contrast, they are inseparable if we are considering the span of his whole life.

On the whole, Lincoln has been well served by his biographers, and no legend can survive an intelligent reading of them. Yet how much better those books would have been, and how much more remarkable a Lincoln would have sprung from them, could they have been written free from the shadow of his accepted greatness. Since the fact of his moral and intellectual eminence rises plainly from the barest recital of his acts and words, it is a pity that his biographers so humanly succumbed to a preoccupation with that fact and with its proof. The invaluable Nicolay and Hay are ponderously official, in twelve volumes, and obsessed with their chronicle as history. Their Lincoln is so much the President who happens to be a man and so little a man who happens to be the President. Herndon, with his flashes of revelation, his chasms of fatuity, his sense of his old law partner's immortal fame struggling with an anecdotal, human, humorous past. Then the able compiler, Charnwood, whose sifting of the original sources remains the best life of them all. And lately, a stimulating, at times very moving, but opinionated study by Professor Nathaniel W. Stephenson, often nearer to his subject than Charnwood, but less well-balanced, and far too tempted by speculations, some of which are illuminating, others quite groundless.*

Over all of them hangs the shadow of Lincoln's greatness. At times this knowledge prompts the biographer to deeper scrutiny, profounder writing than might have been occasioned by the same acts of an admittedly lesser man. At other times this knowledge leads them into deprecating morasses of soft-footed conjecture about why Lincoln did certain things he ought not to have done, or equally conscious ratiocinations about the reasons for something he did extremely well. And all of them tarnish and dilute his greatness by the admixture of their own moral judgments. Read them for instance on the subject of Lincoln's written promise to a man from Kansas, who thought he could swing the state's delegation to Lincoln in 1860, of "one hundred dollars to bear the expenses of the trip." By even our standards in this Year of Oil, 1925, a bribe. Quite excusable, all things considered, particularly the political atmosphere of those days, and not important, yet none of them, in the several pages of motive-weighing and character analysis devoted to the incident, call it by its right name. It may have been characteristic of Lincoln at that time, almost certainly it was not, and it has no connection with what Lincoln showed himself to be as President. Why excuse or blame? There it is, and possibly the best explanation is no explanation at all.

We would give a good deal for that impossible thing, a good account of Lincoln's life up to 1860 (or even the first half of 1862), and written by someone whose knowledge of him ceased with that year. Could such a biographer have predicted the kind of man who was to emerge from the war? Barring the debates with Douglas, and a few other speeches, there was very little on which one might build hopes for what was actually to come. The ungainly, slow-moving figure, awkward almost to ugliness, unnaturally tall when he was standing, the height of other men when he was sitting down, who went to Niagara and only "wondered where all that water came from," who loved to stop people on the street with a new story, often very coarse; whose body and mind "worked slowly, as if they needed oiling"; who read hardly any law, and was likely to win a case only if his sympathies were completely enlisted, and after long preparation; who spent hours locked in his office in gloomy contemplation; who did practically nothing as a congressman in Washington; whose friends more than once feared for his mind, and who was frequently sunk deep in the blackest, most unproductive, morbid depression. Great gifts one might have seen lurking in him, flashes of mind, and a good heart, but one might as easily have felt them foredoomed to wither in luckless, self-mistrustful soil.

It is clear now by what a narrow margin Lincoln

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* *Lincoln*, by Nathaniel Wright Stephenson. Indianapolis and New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $5.

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escaped eclipse at the hands of his own uncertainty and lack of ambition, and by what happy accidents he slipped into a position where the best in him could be forged on the anvil of events. Had he chosen to go West as governor of the territory of Oregon, would he be anything more than an obscure name to us today? And he became President almost by accident too. Seward was the obvious choice, and since the Democratic split made a Republican victory practically certain, it was perhaps not indispensable to have a candidate from the West for the sake of the western vote. We still do not know just what wires the Lincoln managers pulled at the convention, but the appointment of Cameron as Secretary of War raises more than a suspicion that the convention's decision was as much the result of intrigue as of reason. To those men Lincoln seemed a good candidate; some of them may have felt he was a great man as well, but he was chosen because he was a good candidate, and one from the western state of Illinois. By accident, their satisfactory candidate turned out to be the greatest of Presidents, or perhaps of all Americans.

He did not turn out so to be at once. For months after his inauguration there was vacillation, uncertainty, mistake after mistake, particularly in the judgment of individual men. At times Lincoln's humility, which he never lost and which later became one of the cornerstones of his greatness, was pathetic, as on that occasion when McClellan, at whose house Lincoln used to call instead of summoning him, came in while the President was waiting, only to send down word that he was tired and had gone to bed. "Did Stanton say I was a damned fool?" Lincoln remarked, "then probably I am, because Stanton is usually right." And we find him requiring one general to consult the judgment of another "with my own poor mite added." This humility never disappeared. But side by side with it there grew a power to take counsel in the gravest matters of all with himself alone, to make momentous decisions with a finality all the more majestic for having been acquired slowly, at the price of infinite solitary thought.

Under the fire of tragedy and effort, indecision melted away, and aimless depression was refined into the clarity of unplumbable sadness. No one will ever know what alchemy was taking place, in the darkest days of the war, when those about him were profoundly moved by his spirit's infinite misery, when he walked the lonely streets with one companion, on those nights of more than human melancholy when "the long legs were always cold." Out of such torture he rose to new heights, calm, tired but indefatigable, to words spoken that we can never forget, not only prose as fine as any, but a true mirror of the man who uttered it. One feels most respect for him when that respect is mingled with affection. But affection, reverence, respect are worn and feeble words to express our feelings for a man who shows us what powers for growth and triumph lie within the human spirit.

Most men never truly feel the weight of life, or else flatten under the load. Some achieve the useful hardness of coal, while a few, a very few, under terrible pressure bring forth the brilliant and immortal diamonds of the soul.

ROBERT LITTELL.

Those Naval Manoeuvres

RELATIONS between the United States and Japan could hardly be worse. Scarcely a day passes but Secretary Hughes exclaims in a loud voice on the cordial atmosphere which exists between Tokyo and Washington; barely a week but Kato makes some pleasant aside to the effect that Japan has forgotten all about the Immigration law and never really cared much about it anyhow. The man in the street fairly writhes with alarm at such disquieting symptoms; for when husband and wife go around in public telling the world of the precise warmth of their mutual devotion, the world expects and generally is treated to a snappy little divorce. And when nations exchange fulsome and persistent compliments out of a clear sky, the stock-market trembles and editors grow grey hairs. Unless this exchange of amenities is stopped, war is only a matter of months.

Now as to our navy: every man not paid by British gold, not a mushy-brained pacifist, nor a mere T. R.'ian mollycoddle, knows that our navy is no longer 5-5-3, or even 5-4-3. Mr. Shearer proved it was 5-3-1, but he was probably optimistic. It is well known that any naval inferiority, plausible though it may be in time of peace, equals zero in time of war. The stronger takes the seas and holds them; the weaker talks grandly of attrition and hugs its harbors. Our navy is deplorable. Cannot the British post-Jutland Incollapsible elevate her guns to an angle of 45 degrees? Cannot the Incontrovertible * do twice that? And our most modern ships must content themselves with a beggarly 44.5 degrees. (Note: The figures are given in Fahrenheit throughout.) Has not our Naval Intelligence confessed that it knows practically nothing of the most recent performances of the Japanese Geisha class? Our naval attaché at Tokyo was ordered to inspect the Geisha, but was forced to leave at the end of the second act because his wife was a Methodist and he had growing children at home. What of the Japanese secret bases? How many are there? Where are they? We don't know.

* Now under construction to replace the retired Unsociable, as provided by the annex to the Washington Treaty.

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They are secret. And what of the British government's refusal to permit us to change the name of the Arkansas to something more suitable, unless England were allowed to launch ten more battle-cruisers? These matters have been debated in Congress, and our doubts finally confirmed by Secretary Wilbur's announcement that everything in the navy was all right and that he didn't wish to answer any more questions.

Here we are then, on the point of war with Japan, with a navy that is merely a collection of targets, without the British hauteur of the Incollapsible or the blisters on the bottom of the Geisha. Yet where do our naval pundits propose to hold our next naval manœuvres? In the Gulf of Mexico or in New York harbor? No. They propose to hold those manœuvres near Hawaii. They propose to defend those islands against a hypothetical foe, Korea perhaps? or Siam? Hah?* Could anything be more tactless or better calculated to increase the difficulties of the editors of the rotogravure sections of our great daily papers?

We can readily see why our navy made the choice. Simple boredom. They are tired of the Atlantic. They have already proved everything they can prove in the Atlantic, some of it several times over. They have shown that New York can be taken by sea, that the Panama Canal can and should be destroyed, that our navy is antiquated and powerless to defend our lives, our fortunes, our sacred honor, our sugar plantations in Cuba and the National City Bank. Now they want to prove that the Japanese navy can pick up Hawaii any time she wants more volcanoes, lepers or ukaleles. That demonstrated, the navy would devote the next few seasons—until actually attacked by the Japanese fleet—to showing that Guam might just as well be given away while it is still ours to give, that the Philippine Islands are as accessible as a federal prohibition agent on Broadway; and that Alaska would last just about as long as a snowball in the Senate.

Nothing could be more provocative, and there is no sense in it anyhow, as we know exactly what these manœuvres will prove: e. g., that Hawaii can be taken by the Japanese fleet, that our navy is not up to the 5-5-3 ratio, and that every good little Congressman should vote for all the items in the next Navy Appropriation bill without asking any questions.

These things are self-evident, but unfortunately other matters are equally self-evident, and need to be set down from time to time, lest we forget the meaning of the commonplace.

A fleet of battleships is an offensive weapon. Naval strategy is a game that goes on, peacetime and wartime, a game of disposing one's weapons where they may serve us best. The disposition of a fleet is an offensive act in itself. We could not hold fleet manœuvres off the west coast of Ireland or the Straits of Gibraltar without arousing a certain amount of alarm in Great Britain; and the British government does not consider sending the Grand Fleet to demonstrate off Halifax or Bermuda. Each power might be well within its legal rights, but London and New York would feel legitimate alarm, much as an ordinary man does when a friend points a loaded pistol at his heart.

Where, then, shall we hold these manœuvres? For we must hold them. They are the only means yet devised for keeping admirals away from Williamstown. As we have seen, the capture of New York, the destruction of the Panama Canal and the Guantanamo playground are vieux jeux. We can't manœuvre in the South Atlantic without making the Monroe Doctrine tremble in every limb. In the North Atlantic we would be offensive to Great Britain, France, or both. The Mediterranean would infuriate our two political pterodactyls, hurt the feelings of Greece, and annoy what was left of Albania beside bringing us into war with Italy. The Baltic would affront Finland, the Black Sea offend Russia, the Caspian is too far from home and the Antarctic too cold.

There remain then only purely American waters. The Great Lakes are an obvious choice, but here again diplomatic considerations must prevail. To mass our fleet even in Lake Michigan would certainly be construed as a threat to Canada, and we don't want to threaten Canada until we see how she is going to act on the wood-pulp question. There remains but one place, then, where our manœuvres can properly be held, the Great Salt Lake of Utah.

Diplomatic considerations are almost nil. We need only conciliate Senator Smoot and the elders of the Mormon Church. As against the fact that our fleet would cause the waters of the lake to rise and wash the feet of the Saints, we could mention the large amount of money the sailors could spend in the tenderloin of Salt Lake City.

The next point to be considered is invulnerability. Our out-ranged, out-blistered, out-speeded ships would be perfectly secure against surprises. The Japanese navy would have to cross the Sierras to get at them. We could hold manœuvres to our heart's content, secure from all possible foes, confident that no nation was affronted by our presence in those waters. There would be no need for Hughes and Kato to exchange those ominous courtesies, so dolefully reminiscent of the formalities which encrust the code of the duello.

Again, the navy could be tested as in no other way. Salt Lake City could be defended, attacked, captured, surrendered and held for ransom, and the fleets could get the best of all target practice. For, owing to the great density of the water of the lake, they would float so high that a shot below the waterline would pass harmlessly under the keel. Like needles on a pool of quicksilver, they could not be sunk at all. The Red fleet could hammer the Blue fleet and the Blue fleet torpedo the Red, planes

* This "Hah" should be pronounced sneeringly.

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could drop huge bombs impartially on everyone and the Los Angeles and Shenandoah could use up the year's supply of helium in trying to see which fleet was which. Valuable data could be obtained on density, elasticity, penetrability, impenetrability and atrabiliarity.

And then, with the lessons thus learned, carefully guarded and given out only to the instructors of the Naval War College, the Naval General Staff, the clerks in the Navy Department, and Congressional Committees, we might set about the construction of a fleet before which the Incollapsibles would be as pricked bladders and the Geishas retire in confusion to their secret bases.

Or we might not.

JOHN CARTER.

Whale

Rain, with a silver flail;
Sun, with a golden ball;
Ocean, wherein the whale
Swims minnow-small;

I heard the whale rejoice
And cynic sharks attend;
He cried with a purple voice,
"The Lord is my Friend!"

"With flanged and battering tail,
With huge and dark baleen,
He said, 'let there be Whale
In the Gold and Green!'

"He gave me a water spout,
A side like a harbor wall;
The Lord from cloud looked out
And planned it all.

"With glittering crown atilt
He leaned on a glittering rail;
He said, 'Where Sky is spilt,
Let there be Whale.'

"Tier upon tier of wings
Blushed and blanched and bowed;
Phalanxed fiery things
Cried in the cloud;

"Million-eyed was the mirk
At the plan not understood;
But the Lord looked on his work
And saw it was good.

"He gave me marvelous girth
For the curve of back and breast,
And a tiny eye of mirth
To hide His jest.

"He made me a floating hill,
A plunging deep-sea mine.
This was the Lord's will;
The Lord is Divine.

"I magnify his name
In earthquake and eclipse,
In weltering molten flame
And wrecks of ships,

"In waves that lick the moon;
I, the plough of the sea!
I am the Lord's boon,
The Lord made me!"

The sharks barked from beneath,
As the whale rollicked and roared,
"Yes, and our grinning teeth,
Was it not the Lord?"

Then question pattered like hail
From fishes large and small.
"The Lord is mighty," said Whale,
"The Lord made all!

"His is a mammoth jest
Life may never betray;
He has laid it up in His breast
Till Judgment Day;

"But high when combers foam
And tower their last of all,
My power shall haul you home
Through Heaven wall.

"A trumpet then in the gates,
To the ramps of a thundering drum,
I shall lead you where He waits
For His Whale to come.

"Where His cloudy seat is placed
On high in an empty dome,
I shall trail the Ocean abased
In chains of foam,

"Unwieldly, squattering dread;
Where the blazing cohorts stand
At last I shall lift my head
As it feels His hand.

"Then wings with a million eyes
Before mine eyes shall quail:
'Look you, all Paradise,
I was His Whale!' "

I heard the Whale rejoice,
As he splayed the waves to a fan;
"And the Lord shall say with His Voice,
'Leviathan!'

"The Lord shall say with His Tongue,
'Now let all Heaven give hail
To my Jest when I was young,
To my very Whale.' "

Then the Whale careered in the Sea,
He floundered with flailing tail;
Flourished and rollicked he,
"Aha! Mine Empery!
For the Lord said, 'Let Whale Be!'
And there Was Whale!"

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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Washington Notes

IF you want the key to this administration just keep your eye on those three key boards—Interstate Commerce, Federal Trade and Tariff. Even the most superficial knowledge of the way the government functions is enough to compel appreciation of the great power and vital nature of these commissions. They are semi-judicial, fact-finding, policy-framing. The theory is that they are bi-partisan or non-partisan and non-political. It has not always worked out that way. From the way they change as vacancies occur, the real character of an administration can best be judged, and the real purpose of the Executive more clearly revealed than in any other way. They flavor the whole governmental dish.

What is happening now, as a deliberate White House plan, is the slow but steady conservatizing of these boards. The mind and the hand of Mr. Coolidge are plainly shown in the two appointments he has already made. It is his obvious purpose to bring them, so far as he can, into line with his own arid brand of New England conservatism, which, as is concluded on all sides, is the very last word in conservatism, the extreme outer edge, as it were.

When, under the law, the President has to fill a vacancy on one of these key commissions with a Democrat, he instinctively looks for a Democrat whose views do not materially differ from his own in such matters as the protective tariff, the railroads, and the right of the great business and financial factions in the country to special consideration. One of the easiest things in the world is to find Democrats of that type. The woods are literally full of them. One of the reasons why the fortunes of the Democratic party are at such a low ebb, and its candidates are so frightfully and frequently beaten, is the large number of just this sort of "leaders" with whom it is infested. Last week I commented, in this column, on the naming of Mr. Woodlock, formerly editor of the Wall Street Journal, as a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission. It seemed easy enough to make the logical deduction from that appointment. It is even easier in the case of W. E. Humphries of Washington, who has been placed on the Federal Trade Commission. I am told by those who know him well that Mr. Humphries is the sort of reactionary who makes "Uncle Joe" Cannon look like a radical. But the plainest indication of the presidential purpose to conservatize the boards is his conceded determination not to reappoint David J. Lewis, the lone Democrat with progressive tendencies and a liberal mind on the Tariff Commission.

The fact is—and it may as well be understood—that progressives are to be supplanted by conservatives in this administration whenever and wherever possible. That is natural and to be expected of Mr. Coolidge. It ought to please the twelve million who voted for him. On the other hand, it certainly ought not to discourage the Progressives. The more completely reactionary the government is made, and the sooner, the more surely will the pendulum swing in the other direction at the end of four years.

One real service Mr. Slemp performed just before he left the White House for Florida was to shoot full of holes the ridiculous and widely held idea that the President of the United States is a dreadfully overworked man, that the burden is almost too great for a human to bear, shattering to the health of the most hardy.

After the death of Mr. Harding the most absurd lot of slush about the terrific strain under which the Chief Executive was forced to labor was printed all over the country. Hundreds of editorials and articles about the "man-killing" character of the work were written. Mr. Slemp, in his little speech to the White House correspondents, maintained that, while the responsibilities of the office are, of course, great, the amount of leisure and the opportunities for rest had by the President are far greater than those of the average business or professional man. In the case of Mr. Coolidge, all of his work is prior to one o'clock in the afternoon. No engagements are made for him in the afternoon or evening, except those of his own seeking. He regularly takes a nap after lunch and goes to bed promptly at ten o'clock. Mr. Slemp pointed out that the President had gained eight pounds since he entered the White House, and indicated his belief that the job was a soft one. The truth is, the idea of the enormous physical burden of the office is one of those White House fictions that have for years been accepted as facts. Slemp did a good thing when he told the truth about it.

One interesting phase of the selection of Mr. Sanders, of Indiana, as the new Secretary to the President is the mental anguish the appointment has caused the Honorable "Jim" Watson, sole Republican senator from Indiana.

From "Jim's" angle, it is bad enough to have an Indiana man put in so important a position, not only without his recommendation or approval, but without even letting him know what was happening. That is bad enough, but it is infinitely worse to start a lot of reports around Washington, which get sent back to Indiana, that it is Mr. Sanders's purpose to run in the Republican senatorial primaries in 1926, against Watson, and that he fully expects to have Mr. Coolidge's cordial support at that time.

Those best posted tell me that Mr. Sanders has really no such intention, and hopes to spend four peaceful years in his present job. That has not prevented "Jim's" enemies, however, from giving the reports the widest possible circulation and building up a circumstantial case strong enough to scare "Jim" rather badly.

To the Sanders selection and subsequent reports are ascribed recent efforts of the redoubtable "Jim" to show his friendliness to the administration. He is a transparent soul.

As I listened the other day to Hiram Johnson speak in the Senate on the general subject of our reëntrance into European affairs, I could not help but be struck with the intense earnestness of the man. Disagree with him as completely as you will, and, conceding everything that can be said about his bad temper and wrong-headedness, it must still be admitted that there are not, today, two men in the Senate who make as really stirring a speech as he, and none who can express himself more forcefully. It is a pity about Hiram. He does, of course, dramatize himself rather needlessly when he speaks, but he undoubtedly has qualities. In capacity, courage and energy he is in the first rank in the Senate. Yet he is singularly ineffective.

Strong and vibrant speaker as he is, he carries no conviction, even on this subject of European entanglements about which he so deeply and without question sincerely feels. His star as a public man ought to be rising instead of waning. It would have been, had he played his cards differently. That is one of those silly things that are easy to say about a man, after he has fought and lost.

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What Hiram really lacks is urbanity. If he did not get so mad about things, things might come his way more often.

The Madden-Longworth fight over the Speakership is getting bitter. Before it is finally settled it will be more so. Once Mr. Madden finds himself beaten, he is fairly apt to let out a bellow. He is not the type to take his licking meekly. Some time ago, in this place, I expressed the belief that the odds strongly favored Mr. Longworth's selection, regardless of the apparent closeness of the struggle. The appointment of Congressman Sanders as Secretary to the President, tends to strengthen it. Sanders is a friend of Longworth. As a member of the Committee on Rules he was closely associated with him, and had come to be regarded in the White House as his right-hand man. There is not the slightest doubt that the administration prefers Longsworth to Madden, but it is anxious to have him win without the necessity of taking a definite and open stand.

As a matter of fact, the degree to which the Speaker has been shorn of power makes the question who succeeds Gillett a relatively unimportant one to the President, so far as practical results are concerned. In these days, the floor leadership, or the Chairmanship of the Committee on Appropriations is much more vital.

As was forecast here some weeks ago, there will be no farm relief legislation at this session. The Senate Steering Committee has made it abundantly plain that neither the recommendations of the President's Agricultural Commission nor anything else along the agricultural line will be taken up. With characteristic adroitness, Mr. Coolidge sidesteps responsibility by putting the burden on Congress, urging that body to act, but declining to lead the fight.

Consequently, there will be no action. As time goes on, it will be revealed that this is the characteristic Coolidge way of dealing with campaign promises and public questions. It keeps his skirts clean and his press support pleased, but it gets no results.

T. R. B.

Washington.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Future of Jugoslavia

SIR: I have read with considerable interest the article by Mr. David Mitrany in the January 28th number of the New Republic entitled The Unmaking of Jugoslavia, which he seems to foresee as the result of the present political situation in that kingdom.

In my opinion, however, there is nothing in the present situation to justify such a point of view. At the present moment there is no party in Jugoslavia, not even the Croatian Peasant party led by Mr. Radich, which desires to secede from the kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes. Six years ago, the various sections of the Serbo-Croat race, after passing through the fiery furnace of war, came together to form a new and homogeneous state, the kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes.

When it became a question of crystallizing the new-found liberty and independence into a constitution, everyone was not of the same opinion as to the form this should take. Some were in favor of a centralized form of government, on much the same lines as that of the French Republic. Others favored a federated state, in which the various provinces composing it should be given a large measure of autonomy and self-government.

The arguments of the partisans of a centralized state were that by abolishing the former provincial boundaries and adopting a simple and unique administration, it would be possible to get rid more quickly of the existing differences in the political point of view of the Serbs of the former kingdom of Serbia and the Serbo-Croats formerly under the domination of the Emperor of Austria. The partisans of a federal constitution argued that its existence would prevent any section of the population of the new kingdom trying to dominate any other. Both points of view are susceptible of justification and this discussion, during the past five years, has provoked the present crisis.

But in all this discussion there has been, on neither side, the slightest suggestion of any desire to break up the union. On the contrary, the very vigor with which the discussion has been conducted is the best proof of the desire of all sections to maintain the unity of the new state. The subjects of King Alexander desire to set their political house in order by their own efforts.

History shows us that all countries which have for any length of time been broken up by foreign conquest, have always domestic difficulties when it comes to piecing together again the various fragments. The unity of Italy and the creation of the German empire were attended by much more serious internal convulsions than have yet been seen in Jugoslavia. The Vidovdan Constitution, voted five years ago, may not be a perfect document, but it provides machinery for its revision, the moment such revision is the national will.

That the methods employed by the various political parties in the struggle for the realizations of their aims, will be universally approved, is not to be expected. But the great fact remains that both Centralists and Federalists place in the forefront of their political programs the maintenance of the national unity. It is within this framework that each desires to work out its political salvation. When, then, Mr. Mitrany regards the present political struggle as The Unmaking of Jugoslavia he is, in my opinion, in error. Faults of tactics and policy may have been made on both sides, but the broad fact remains that both parties recognize national unity as the absolute foundation of the new state.

G. GORDON-SMITH.

New York, N. Y.

Canada's Railway Finance

SIR: State-Owned Rails, Not Paying Profit to Canada—Bankruptcy Threatened—Not Earning Fixed Charges—these headlines and sub-heads appeared in the Herald-Tribune's account of the address of Sir Henry Thornton, President of the Canadian National Railway, at the Canadian Club's luncheon at the Belmont Hotel a few weeks ago.

Most people merely scan the headlines of the news in which they have no special interest. This fact enables some newspapers to give a false aspect to the news by manipulating the wording of the headlines.

A half truth is worse than a whole lie. It is true that state-owned rails are not paying a profit to Canada. But that is *not* due to their being state-owned, as Hugh L. Keenleyside showed in his excellent article in the November 19 issue of the New Republic.

It is the result of private ownership and operation; and under the administration of Sir Henry Thornton the annual deficit has been reduced from about $70,000,000 to about $30,000,000. In a recent editorial on the subject the Christian Science Monitor said:

> It is not unduly optimistic to look for the total elimination of the deficit before many years. The nationally owned system in Canada is not the best example for opponents to select in arguing against public ownership. It is rather an example of failure under private railway promoting, being converted into gradual success under nationalization.

So vicious and malicious has been the propaganda to discredit government operation that Sir Henry Thornton issued the following statement to the press a few months ago (see New York Times, April 30, 1924):

> There are those abroad in the land who adopt a policy of assassination of character; character in so far as the company is concerned, character in so far as its officers are concerned. They whisper maliciously and say, "Well, after all, this net showing you have was merely faked; we must not pay much attention to that, it is merely bookkeeping." That is one of the things they started, in an effort to detract from what had been done. I say we are going to challenge statements of that kind. We are going to protect both the company and the officers from slanderous and libelous gossip in no uncertain fashion.

We have much to learn in the matter of government from our northern neighbor.

PHILIP MANSON.

New York, N. Y.

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Our Changling Monogamy

EVERY now and then you come across some earnest soul whose passion in life is documentary evidence. Upon the walls of his front parlor he has hung all his certificates of enrollment and all his diplomas of graduation, like the display of parchment in a dentist's outer office, or the solemn asseverations of the licensed victualer. In this portentous array, the wedding certificate always assumes the place of honor. If he is, as Sue put it to Jude the Obscure, "licensed to be loved on the premises by you," having complied with all the laws which regulate these matters, he would give the last, confirmatory evidence of his good faith as an employer of female or minor laborers by exposing this certificate at all times in a conspicuously public place.

I have always felt a great deal of sympathy with this state of mind. Few disillusionments in life are more severe than the discovery of the young bridegroom that no one cares to scrutinize his documents. He has been at great pains to satisfy every requirement of the community, and when all is over, and the last paper signed and sealed and carefully filed away in a large envelope embossed in tiny bells swinging from sprigs of orange blossoms, there is no single, solitary consul or customs house official for whom all his seals and signatures have the slightest official interest. As a ticket of leave, the wedding certificate is outranked by his automobile driver's license. One can get a check cashed in a strange town on a driver's license. Whoever loaned a man carfare home on a marriage license! The very idea is absurd. It is, perhaps, the most commonly perjured, the most indefinitely interchangeable of all state papers. No employer, no renting agent, not the pastor of one's new church home nor the austere maiden lady across the way, not even the hotel Cerberus himself, who assays one's baggage and second best cravat with such a coldly practiced air, ever demands to see the one authentic guarantee of moral integrity. It is, indeed, depressing.

There is a moral in all this of course which we may take to our hearts and learn to live by. Clearly people call me "Doctor," with no more interest in my qualifications than in those of the new chiropractor, Dr. Cheatem (recently of Biam and Cheatem, Realtors). The moral is that if the famous Dr. Cook, instead of claiming to have done something, had claimed instead to have been something, say, the Grand Duke of Polariawski, he would have had no difficulty in finding a Monday Opera Club ready and eager to bestow golden kisses upon his pallid hand. But unfortunately, few of us are born P. T. Barnums. We attain our wisdom only by experience, to find, like the heroes of Ten Nights in a Bar Room, that it is too late, too late. Now, indeed, we know that we might have saved the fee of the registration clerk, but we have found that out only by feeing him in vain.

This is, perhaps, too pessimistic a view of the situation. It leaves human nature out of account. After all, the real consumers of the marriage certificate are the happy pair themselves. That is why it is gotten up rather more like a first mortgage bond than a passport or a chauffeur's license, with goggled-eyed photographs and palsied signatures to make it binding. It is not the preoccupation of the hotel clerk nor the censorious spinster. Their interest is our ostensible gentility. If our public appearances are satisfactory, if we patronize each other in the approved suburban manner, they will beam upon us for purposes of their own. The problem is our own technique. This is, we may as well admit it quite frankly to ourselves, a manner that is particularly difficult for us. We are not used to taking the standard conjugal liberties. At first we correct each other with irrepressible diffidence. We even experience a guilty feeling upon signing our names for the first time on any register, JONOTHAN BIGFELLOW and wife. With all the apprenticeship of a long engagement we still bestow the parting kiss with an indecorous and tell-tale zeal.

Here is the secret of matrimony. Its illogically elaborate mummeries are an all too inadequate apprenticeship. By dint of the intricate and subtle commitments of honorable intentions we become gradually involved in a rearrangement of our lives that would almost certainly have been too much for our somewhat feeble resolution. Small wonder we bridle at free love! That would be the certain disappearance of all our civilization, yea, of the race itself. What one of us could ever have achieved matrimony in the state of nature, unaided by eager parents-in-law to be, unreassured by the blessings of the church, and undirected by the condescending snobberies of the spinster lady across the street, the only true compass of marital propriety!

How infinite is the wisdom of propriety! Without it, whatever those shallow minds may think whose flippant hymn is

> Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinkin',
> What a nice world this would be,
> If taboos were all transported
> Far beyond the northern sea

we know that human nature is quite helpless. The constraints of civilization are very terrible. The imagination leaps at the thought of their relaxation. But what to do next? Released from the daily delivery route and the galling feed bag should we snort and frolic and curvet, or should we pathetically wither in unrequited docility by the barnyard gate? Mrs. Grundy knows. Fortunately for our illusions we are never put to the test. The apocalyptic emancipation just around the corner of our changing morality never actually arrives. Instead we plod discretely along the familiar route. Then, occasionally, the route mysteriously changes. A change of customers, perhaps: the economic leit-motiv. At last, we think, we are becoming free. O frabjous day! Caloo, calay! We chortle in our joy, overlooking that little matter of the probable continuity of the newly established route.

When Me ye fly, I am the wings!

The New Order? Or the model of 1925? Monogamy is a subtle changling. She has been done over too often for anyone to be quite sure of her really, truly complexion. All that is certain is the asses' ears on our own heads. "Man was born free and is everywhere in chains," we bray, and then, with ears a-flutter, "Hail to thee, blithe Reno!" But the lady we meet in Reno is the same wench who knew our crusading ancestors in Palestine. We suspect she is not precisely Nordic. By the unearned increment of an industrial revolution and a biological discovery we have achieved petit monogamy. Thank heaven, we say, surveying our neatly telescoped three room apartment with emergency quarters for the unexpected guest concealed beneath the cushions of the sofa, we are not like those brutes, the Puritans. Fancy two dozen children here!

But then, neither were they. C. E. A.

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Miss Lowell's Keats

John Keats, by Amy Lowell. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin Company. Two vols. $10.

IT is a curious fact that Keats, who of all things most feared oblivion, and who wrote as his epitaph "Here lies one whose name was writ in water," should be of English poets the one whose life has been scrutinized most thoroughly, almost from moment to moment, and recovered in most complete detail. Of no other man of letters of the nineteenth century do we know so many or such intimate things. Undoubtedly Keats's own fears appealed to his friends as a challenge. Believing in him as they did, recognizing him as the victim of partisan malice, they devoted themselves with a sort of chivalry to preserving the memory of him, to recording the minutiæ of their association with him, copying his letters and poems. And as Keats had many friends, the amount of manuscript material in regard to him, in first draft or in copy is enormous, in view of the tragic brevity of his life. A considerable portion of this material found its way to the United States partly in consequence of George Keats's migration to this country, partly by virtue of the enterprise of American collectors. This material was not available to Sir Sidney Colvin when he wrote his life of Keats in 1917. Sir Sidney explains that he sought to obtain permission to use documents in the collections of Mr. Louis Holman and Mr. F. H. Day of Boston, but was discouraged by the condition which they imposed of "featuring" their contributions in an edition de luxe. He seems not to have known of the much more important collection of Miss Lowell, and though she tried to furnish him with copies of important papers they reached him too late to be included. He made little use of the Morgan collection with the extraordinarily important volume in which Richard Woodhouse kept copies of letters and early drafts of poems. Other material in America includes such an accidental discovery as that of Professor Rusk of a letter from George Keats in the Louisville Western Messenger, for 1826, containing a letter from John Keats to his brother Tom, with an account of his walking tour in Scotland in 1818, and such a scholarly dissertation as that of Dr. Claude L. Finney on Keats and Shakespeare, an unpublished thesis in the Widener Library at Harvard. Altogether Miss Lowell in her voluminous answer to the question why there should be another life of Keats is amply justified by her new or unused material.

That she is justified for a second reason which she urges, the need of a fresh interpretation of him, her readers will be even more ready to grant. As she points out, "Keats was an almost completely modern man. . . . I do not mean for a moment that he wrote as modern poets do, but that he thought as they do and as his contemporaries did not." Sir Sidney Colvin naturally writes as a Victorian. He sees Keats as Tennyson, Palgrave and Matthew Arnold saw him. Miss Lowell sees Keats as the twentieth century sees him. She brings his poetry to the test of appreciation in the light of modern practice of verse, and his experience of exultant joy and bitter sorrow, of ambition and frustration, of passion and disease and death to the enlightened understanding of a modern mind.

Miss Lowell writes biography con amore. She has scrutinized and weighed every particle of evidence concerning Keats's doings and writings from the time when he was taken as a small boy to Mr. Clarke's school at Enfield, through his apprenticeship to Mr. Hammond, and his course at Grey's hospital, his association with his early friends of Leigh Hunt's circle, his awakening to poetry, his writing of the early poems and Endymion, his loss of his brothers by George's emigration and Tom's death, his defeat by the reviewers of Blackwood's and the Quarterly, his magnificent return in the poems of his last volume, Isabella, Lamia, The Eve of St. Agnes, Hyperion, and the Odes, his illness, his love for Fanny Brawne, his journey to Italy and death. Her ideal would seem to be to give us a complete record of his doings from hour to hour, to date each poem to the day, and to trace each line to the source of its suggestion in his experience or reading. Her satisfaction is complete when she can tell us: "On Sunday then, Keats breakfasted with Woodhouse and stayed with him all the morning, he even accompanied him to the Swan with Two Necks Inn in Lad Lane and saw him off in the Accommodation Post Coach for Weymouth at three. After this, he dined with Mrs. Wylie in Henrietta Street. And so passed Sunday,"—from the biographer's point of view a perfect day. With equal though somewhat different pleasures she savors the speculation whether Keats took his brother Tom to Margate with him in 1816. There is a list in Tom's writing. "It is: '2 shirts, 4 cravats, 2 pair socks, 1 P. N. H. Hank, 1 Flannel Waist.' Is this a washing list? Possibly, but for whom? It also may be a memorandum of things to put into a valise." But let it be added that this performance is carried off with such gusto that we are infected with her enthusiasm. We share her triumph in the discovery of a letter which enables her to dispose of the legend that Keats's black eye of Friday, March 19, 1819, was due to his fight with the butcher who was tormenting a kitten and attribute that disaster to its true cause, a cricket ball. We ponder with her the evidence which would dismiss Sir Sidney Colvin's suggestion that the Bright Star sonnet with its "mask of snow" was written on February 24, because there was a snow flurry on that day, and carry it forward to mid-April. All this is illustration of the relentlessness with which the biographer's game is played in the case of Keats, and of Miss Lowell's sportsmanship in playing it with all her cards on the table. She differs with her predecessors in regard to the dating of many poems, the most important case being her contention that the Vision of Hyperion was an earlier draft of Hyperion, not a revision of it, to which position the reader of the poems will gladly incline on the strength of internal evidence.

With equal zest Miss Lowell traces the sources of Keats's inspiration to his sensations and perceptions as recorded in his letters, and to his reading. He was a born poet, but it was Spenser "who started Keats going," and his short career is measured by successive waves of influence from the Elizabethans, especially Drayton and Chapman, and from Chatterton, Dryden, Milton. Accordingly he offers as extraordinary a field for the source hunter as for the secular biographer. Here Miss Lowell has the advantage of Dr. Finney's exhaustive study of Keats's relations to the Elizabethans, and of Professor Lowes's acumen, to which is due the establishment of the connection between the Hymn to Bacchus in Endymion and Diodorus Siculus. She herself adds the very pretty discovery of the fact that one of the two existing copies of Drayton's Endymion and Phoebe was in the library of Westminister where Keats might easily have seen it, and drawn material from it for Endymion.

Miss Lowell's criticism of Keats's poetry is interesting

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because of her point of view as a poet of today. She is naturally impressed by his realism—"his constantly recurring delight in words which convey a tactile, aural, or visual sensation." She recognizes, however, that "Poetry to Keats was a thing of zest and glamor. Realist though he was, his realism confined itself to detail; it was realism vitalizing romance, for Keats is one of the great romantics of literature." She appreciates to the full Keats's structural quality. The hymn to Pan in Endymion is "a perfect example of variation within a pattern." In The Eve of St. Agnes "the effect is not single and melodic, but massed and contrapuntal." With admirable insight she draws attention to the distinction between two types of beauty which Keats knew. "If the Grecian Urn is a practically flawless example of clear, unvexed, wide-eyed beauty, the Ode to a Nightingale is a no less perfect presentation of absolute magic, a magic shimmering over profound depths of meaning and sensation." It is Miss Lowell's special bias which speaks in her comment on

The lance points startlingly
Athwart the morning air:

"This is as vivid and reticent as a Japanese print." Doubtless it is, but when she remarks that the little town whose "streets forever more will silent be," in the Ode on a Grecian Urn, is not so much Greek as Japanese, we can only reply that it was the Greece of Keats's imagination. Here again Miss Lowell plays the critic as frankly and honestly as the biographer, extenuating nothing. Quoting the line,

While I kiss to the melody, aching all through

she says: "To the people who object to this side of Keats we can only say: 'Love me, love my dog': it is a part of him and cannot be ignored."

In this spirit of candor and with a sympathy born of greater insight into human nature than her predecessors possessed, Miss Lowell appraises Keats as a personality. She notes that from the time when as a little boy he crawled beneath the master's desk at Enfield to hide his overwhelming sorrow at his mother's death, the prime need of his nature was an understanding and protecting love. It was this fact which drew him close to his brothers and friends; it was this which explains his relation to Fanny Brawne; and in this lay the tragedy of his exile, with his unsatisfied desire and disappointed ambition, to die among strangers. Miss Lowell thinks that Fanny Brawne failed to understand or respond to this need. She could be the mistress or the wife—not the mother. However this may be, Miss Lowell is perfectly fair to the Brawnes. Keats's friends and biographers have invariably blamed Fanny Brawne for letting Keats fall in love with her, for not marrying him and supporting him, for allowing his letters to her to be published. Miss Lowell alone appreciates the difficulties of temperament and circumstance which the love of Keats involved, the bravery and sweetness with which she met them, her suffering during the last months when without one word from her lover she awaited the end. With the fine candor which distinguishes her Miss Lowell gives her verdict in favor of Fanny. "Looking at their relations without bias, thrusting our minds away from the conventional interpretation, I think we must admit that he wronged her far more than she wronged him. Her patience with him was unbounded; his with her was no bigger than a millet seed." Even the publication of the letters which moved Matthew Arnold to hysteria, Miss Lowell confronts as a modern scholar and woman of the world:

Far from condemning the suggestion which induced her children, years after her death, to permit the publication of these same letters, we should esteem it the crowning act of love that with the contemplation of years had become heroic.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

One Union's History

The Women's Garment Workers, by Louis Levine. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $5.

IT is of interest that a prominent union was so concerned with the larger aspects of its function that it engaged a competent economist to write its history, giving him plenty of time and resources for the task. It is of still more interest that it exercised no censorship over his work, but asked him to interpret plainly as he saw them all the significant facts, indulging in no undue celebration of achievements, publicity for personages, or advocacy of official policies. Such a history, written of a union which could understand the need for it, must be of high value.

The interest and value of this book, however, are even broader than those implied in its origin. Most of us have been enchanted by the spell of such books as Wells's Outline of History, which attempts to tell the story of all mankind from its remotest origins. There is a similar fascination about this history of a limited social group over half a century, because it shows intensively much the same processes which the broad histories have sketched extensively. The women's garment workers struggling to master their industry are a sample and a symbol of mankind in his universe.

Here are a puny body of human beings confronted by an oppressive and shifting environment. They experience hardships and discomfort. The first crude attempts at adjustment are unplanned revolts, passing away without accomplishment. Strikes grow and fade, ideas ferment in small cliques, conflicts arise and disappear, both within the group and between the group and others with which it comes in contact. Improvised dogmatisms struggle against circumstances and each other, but do not succeed in modifying the surroundings. Interwoven with the social processes are the mêlée of personal ambitions and political cross-currents which in detail seem irrelevant to the whole pattern. If a dispassionate observer, interested in the creation of an intelligent social order, were to be debarred from any knowledge of the history of the garment workers after 1900, but were to look solely at the preceding thirty years, seeing the seasonal and cyclical rise and fall of organization, the fewness of those exercising any continuity of policy or even being touched by a long vision, the inadequacy of policies themselves, and the seeming inability of those concerned to avoid disputes which dissipated what little force they had to deal with their real problems, he would probably be completely hopeless of the capacity of the workers to exercise any control over their industry and their lives. He would be tempted to call such an effort impractical, and to turn instead either to despair, to a blind trust in laissez-faire or to a hope of benevolent autocracy.

Yet somehow social experience was hammered out of confusion. The mass eventually became capable of holding the vision which at first animated the few, and of making it in part a reality by submitting to the necessary social discipline. The few eventually became capable of subordi-

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nating their special theories—their individualism, their anarchism, their socialism, their pure-and-simple trade-unionism—to coördinate projects for dealing with actual situations, in which all could join. Strikes grew larger, and approached more nearly to achievements that could be retained. The reefer-makers' strike of 1907 was followed by the revolt of the waist-makers in 1909, and that by the great cloak-makers' strike of 1910, each better organized and more intelligently led than the last. And the conflict of the workers with the employers in turn became powerful and significant enough to bring about the creation of projects calculated to deal with the whole industry—with the economic environment which limited the action of all, including the employers and the public.

The noted Protocol of Peace, under which the union and the employers attempted to regulate their affairs from 1910 to 1916 was a device to organize collective control of the industry, just as unionism itself was a device to organize such control of the action of the workers. Like all social inventions, it demanded new adjustments and new disciplines, it gave rise to new complexities and conflicts, and it had to be modified by experience. Though its specific machinery was in the end abandoned, it built up institutions of control which survived it, it developed the union as an administrative organism, and it began to concentrate attention on problems of technique whose solution is necessary to intelligent regulation of the industry—such as reconciling the protection of the worker's job with the executive functions of the employer, the scientific setting of rates, and sanitation.

When the industrial depression and open-shop reaction of 1921 arrived, there was present to meet it, not the scattered locals and the puny international of earlier decades, which had to borrow $100 from the American Federation of Labor for organizing expenses, but the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union, with an experienced staff of permanent officials, 100,000 members, and annual revenues of nearly a million dollars—not counting the reserves in local treasuries. Naturally a much larger area of former gains was retained than in previous set-backs. And the union was not prevented from further extension of activities—such as experiment with unemployment insurance in Cleveland, the broadening of its highly important educational work, the erection of a new building to house its offices, the establishment of a bank.

The task of the garment workers is not yet completed—in fact it may not be half done. Internal dissensions due to political dogmatism and personal ambition have not disappeared; the struggle between "rights" and "lefts" which seems to be a cyclical phenomenon has as usual been a handicap to growth; many branches of the trade are as yet without permanent organization; the project of controlling a highly competitive industry subject to periodic dispersal into small contractors' and manufacturers' shops is still in its infancy. The members who were educated to sacrifice and coöperation through the inspiration of early struggles are gradually being replaced by younger workers who, without such historical moulding, are coming into an established concern. But discouragement at present obstacles should be reduced, and understanding of the way of fruitful action should be enhanced, if this effort to make conscious the historical experience of the group is taken to heart by the membership. It is in places thrilling, touching, or amusing; it will convey many of the precious human values cast up in past turmoil. Its objective review of events and discerning critical interpretation indicate the order which emerges from the confusion of detail. These qualities recommend it not merely to the garment workers themselves, but to any one who is puzzled or fascinated by the slow struggle of man to master himself and his world.

GEORGE SOULE.

Contemporary French Literature

Contemporary French Literature, by René Lalou. Translated by William Aspenwall Bradley. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

THE course of French literature — so far back as present-day observation need go—shows us the group, the school, the private "academy," the café, the cénacle. A new band comes, displaces the one currently regnant, triumphs for a little time, and then goes down before the next. Such coöperative endeavors require a head—that "chef d'école" who leads, controls, and helps the new recruits to understand more clearly where they are and what they are about. And as with literature, so with painting, and so with music. Under such an arrangement talents swarm, but one wonders if the French are not too highly socialized to produce geniuses. Mutual scrutiny and mutual criticism seem almost the essence of the life artistic as led in France; conscious, even self-conscious, conformity becomes the rule; every artist feels more secure and comfortable under some label, and almost all artistic activity is undertaken on the basis of declared theory. Indeed, the unticketed artist is a sort of maverick, toward whom the public feels some degree of doubt, and for whom no great measure of official recognition and reward can be expected.

If Rimbaud is to be accounted a genius, note that he passed several of his young productive years in the provinces, before he ever saw Paris at all. Gauguin bolted France altogether, and Cézanne buried himself in the depths of the country. Massenet shows what an elegant and ever-vigilant capital can do for the composer. When Romain Rolland wishes to study genius he goes beyond the boundaries of his own land—he goes to the land of Beethoven, of Michael Angelo, of Tolstoi. If Hugo was a genius—his country thought so, and he himself was even surer—his was a genius of black and white, rather than in the colors of the spectrum. The same, with qualifications, may be said of Balzac. When Jean Moréas blew into Paris from Athens, he was greeted by Remy de Gourmont as "a bold young stranger little acquainted with our literary prejudices." "Our coöperative beliefs, principles and practices"—such might seem the fair inference. And Oscar Wilde's Salome (given mention because written in French) seems to Professor Lalou to be "seasoned with the excesses of a foreigner"—so completely are the native excesses tending toward standardization.

Thus the author's view of recent French letters, involving the days since 1870 and writers to the number of six hundred, becomes largely a record of successive groups. If the Parnassians were carvers of cameos, the Symbolists were players of music. Paul Valéry, early friend of Mallarmé, expressly declares the desire and determination of the Symbolists to get back from music what belonged to them. As for Dada, one member of that interesting fraternity pronounces the disorder of the mind to be "sacred"; to another

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of them the human mind seems so made as to be incapable of coherency. The great thermometer of the movement, registering sensitively the slightest variations among the painters and musicians of the advance-guard, is Jean Cocteau, to whom "the great literary masterpiece is never anything but a dictionary in disorder." Dada, therefore, it may be said, rests on rocking negation and turns its face toward chaos; and in so far as concerns literature alone seems bent on breaking down—or breaking up—the French language. It is a relief to turn from the fussy, febrile, introverted activities of these small cénacles to the stern, free independence of a Verhaeren standing, a little aside, in Belgium.

Unanisme represents the group idea in excelsis. The Unanismistes, under the leadership of Jules Romains, collected themselves into an "Abbaye," where they tried to achieve the "supreme unity—one god in seven persons." They would organize all people into groups: "If you see a group forming in a city street, walk up to it and give it your body. . . . Say the words which will incite it to live." Think the group—"think it to the point of defying it. . . ." Away, then, with solitary genius, realizing itself amid the great silences. Only the metropolis can mould you.

In view of all such considerations, idols who have stood more or less alone and have raised themselves to be seen from afar, receive rather rough treatment. How fares Rostand? "A deplorable lack of taste made him mistake his puerile prattle for the abundance of genius, his painful ingenuity for profound symbolism and his rhymed acrobatics for lyric poetry." How goes it with Maeterlinck? His plays have aged considerably. There are too many old towers and too many puerilities. Objection is raised to stammering dialogue and to maxims of mystic philosophy, "where barbarousness adorns itself with painfully ingenuous euphuisms." It will thus be seen that while M. Lalou has produced what is really a professorial handbook (and best to be used as such), he can rise to heights of sharp personal expression when he feels that the occasion requires it. The book in its essence is, of course, the history of the reaction against Romanticism. The Jeunes of 1870, who started up the movement, were most influenced by Leconte de Lisle and Baudelaire in poetry, by Stendhal and Flaubert in the novel, and by Taine and Renan in philosophy. Under such auspices was made the appeal of objective reality—which, in turn, fades and crumbles (with plenty of sanction from general French procedure) before the assaults of the young lions of our own unruly and exasperated day; they can overlook Taine and they begin to treat Flaubert with disrespect. Thus things ebb and flow, and ebb again; and M. Lalou, in the course of some few hundred faithful pages, gives us all the ups and intimates some of the downs. No one has done the thing better. It may be said, indeed, that no one else has quite done it at all.

The volume embracing all this matter is a large and complicated affair and it has its blemishes. Mr. Bradley is a known translator, and his work must be pronounced, in general, satisfactory; yet it is unpleasant to feel obliged to recast some of the passages one has desired to quote. Errors typographical are not really numerous, yet they occur in such numbers as to have justified a memorandum, started at the beginning, for the benefit of the publisher, could one have realized how many slips were to develop. Least satisfactory of all are the pages on Marcel Proust, who seems to have infected commentator and translator alike.

HENRY B. FULLER.

A Frenchman on England

L'Angleterre d'Aujourd'hui, by André Siegfried. Paris Editions G. Crès et Cie.

PROFESSOR SIEGFRIED'S excellent work, at once learned and entertaining, L'Angleterre d'Aujourd'hui (which since its first appearance in the spring of 1924 has been translated) confirms an old opinion that the most illuminating studies of national life are to be produced by foreigners. The surprising vagaries of English policy have, not unnaturally, puzzled French observers. What does it all mean? Why does the animal which trotted not unamiably in double harness over some rather rough ground proceed, when the worst is over, to gib, shy, and make alternately the gestures of a horse about to run away and of a donkey about to lie down? It is vicious, cry the uninstructed. Not at all, replies Professor Siegfried, who has studied it in its haunts, it is merely without certain faculties which belong to the continental species. Grasp that, and you will cease to be surprised, for you will moderate your expectations.

It is, of course, incurably egoist, not through malice but through want of intelligence. It will not notice you are there, unless you tell it you are. It does not easily follow a complicated train of argument. It acts by instinct, not reason, and is therefore subject to sudden caprices. It does not believe in science, but in luck and (étonnante expression) "muddling through." But these, after all, are defects rather than vices. What is wrong with the creature is not a calculated and deliberate perversity, but a singular incapacity for any kind of deliberation. The Englishman is the public schoolboy of the Universe—simple, naif, and at once rather tiresome and rather bewildering to older people, who take things seriously, and who consider the future. "C'est en somme un ingénu beaucoup plus qu'un perfide."

The verdict is that of Professor Siegfried's last chapter —L'Opinion Anglaise et la France. It is not unlike that implied in the entertaining works of M. Maurois. Whether one regards it as an insult or a compliment depends, I suppose, on one's view of human nature in general. I, at any rate, am not disposed to quarrel with it; though I cannot help wondering whether some of my ingenious fellow countrymen, with a discreetly suppressed wink, did not a little play up to M. Siegfried, and determine that if he were looking for a typical Englishman, by Jove he should find him. Englishmen are too fond of flattering themselves with precisely the kind of self-deprecatory remarks which M. Siegfried advances by way of gentle criticisms; only they, alas! regard them as compliments, conveying the sort of impression intended by the author who talked of the British Empire being built up in "a fit of absence of mind." Unfortunately they are not all the simple, easy-going schoolboys they seem. M. Siegfried is, I'm afraid, a little too indulgent.

This is not meant as a criticism, for his book is quite first rate—by far the best study of the economic and political life of England within moderate compass that has appeared for many years. He has a grasp of economic, political and even social conditions which, in a foreigner, is quite extraordinary. His study of the more technical questions, monetary and tariff policy and unemployment, shows that he is an accomplished economist. And, unlike many observers, he has an eye for the salient facts and large problems, and when he gives detail gives it in a setting of

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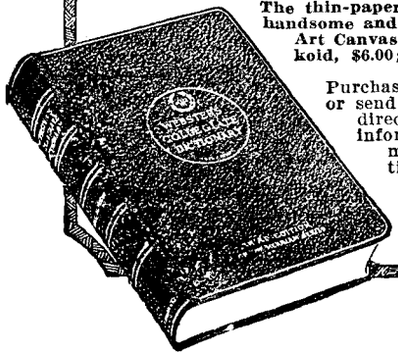

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arguments which makes it living and significant. The big questions which occupy him are those of commercial and financial policy since the War, of the effect of the War and other changes on the position of Great Britain in the argument of political forces since 1918. On all, his information is extraordinarily accurate and his judgment always sure. His remarks on the effect of England's peculiar economic organization upon the public attitude to questions of foreign policy is just and to the point. If it were more generally understood, French opinion would have been less indignant at what seemed to it a volte-face after the War, and English opinion would have been less disposed to take credit for being humane when in reality it was merely being businesslike: "Les conditions mêmes de son existence la condamnent à une mentalité internaliste." His account of the present position of the forces marshalled for and against Protection is also excellent.

There are one or two points where a difference of opinion may be permitted. His estimate of the probable economic future of England (as distinct from the immediate crisis) seems to me somewhat unnecessarily charged with gloom. Her fate, he thinks, may be that of Vienna, a capital stripped of its economic empire, whose population is doomed to a falling standard of life accompanied by increasing emigration. This view seems to assume that population will continue to increase in the future at the same rate as in the past and that no means of increasing economic efficiency and wealth per head are available. There is little foundation for either view. Professor Bowley has shown that, given the continuance of present rates of births, deaths and emigration, population is likely to be stationary after about 1945, and few would contend that in certain fundamental industries (e. g. coal and power) there are not large economies which could be introduced. Whether his opinion of the political significance of the House of Lords is just or not time will show, but I doubt it: inertia may in certain circumstances be a very formidable political weapon. His account of the Labor party is good, but he seems to me somewhat to overestimate the sharpness of the lines between different groups in it, and to underestimate the degree to which a doctrineless Socialism has become the practical creed even of the most conservative trade unionists. But these are obviously matters where no precise conclusion is possible, and Professor Siegfried may quite possibly be right. In any case he has written a brilliant book, which will be instructive to all, and not least to English, readers.

R. H. TAWNEY.

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Paris, though I had expected more than any one has a right to expect from any place, did not for one moment disappoint me. Over it all is an air so crystal clear, so sparklingly brilliant that one's spirits rise at once and one breathes in happiness and delight with every breath. I stood beside the Seine, leaning against the stone embankment, the trees behind me flecking the quiet waters with their wavering green shadows and gazed across at the old bookstalls on the opposite bank. Soon, I was sure, I would be over there myself, happily browsing among the dusty volumes heaped on the curious old stalls that line the Quai, sure in my heart that I would find some treasure among those old tomes, but so happy in the search that it made little difference after all whether I did or not. Down the river the waters part about the island on which stands the magnificent pile of Notre Dame where but yesterday I stood under the great dome and felt the spell of its beauty. Perhaps I would saunter again along the Quai to that wonderful church, Sainte Chapelle, with its marvels of old glass, like nothing I had ever seen or dreamed of before. It is as if centuries of the color and radiance of the sunshine that makes Paris so lovely today, had been caught and held in that rich, warm glass, and now the same sunshine, pouring through the beautiful windows, saturates the air with glowing light and stains the floor with pools of liquid color. It is unbelievably lovely. . . . Then, of course, there are the shops, too enticing by far, and the tea-tables set along the sidewalk where we sipped our tea and munched delicious little cakes, too happy for words. We had one day at Versailles and one at Fontainebleau; two unforgetable days. All in all it was a very marvelous week for me—that week in Paris.

Holland was immensely interesting. The Hague with its beautiful woods and its many canals; Amsterdam with its interesting galleries. We spent one day on the Zuyder Zee, going to the Island of Marken where the people wear the most amazing costumes (boys, girls, men and women, every one), and where the cows are housed in such luxury. This is the home of the Edam cheese.

Tomorrow we go by the Hook of Holland to London. Will London be as marvelous as Paris, I wonder. I shall soon know.—*(To be continued)*

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Peggy Bacon and Ernest Haskell are two others of The New Republic's group of six who have come in for much wise praise this season. "She is wide-awake all the time," says the Times critic of the former's current exhibition at Montross. And what Royal Cortissoz said in the Tribune of Haskell's show (The NR's plate was in it) would burn the paper if repeated here. Miller and Sloan are exhibiting now in New York, and Hopper's plates made a distinguished showing in the recent annual exhibition at the National Arts Club.

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